



THEATRE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1917



NOW that the new season's theatrical craft is well launched and a host of stars are already aboard endeavoring to make the 1917-18 voyage a noteworthy one, wouldn't you like to learn about the ropes they pull when on duty, the yarns they spin when among themselves, and what they plan to do before the journey's end?

Then read the THEATRE MAGAZINE, the liveliest, handsomest and "newsiest" publication about plays and players.

THERE have been all kinds of hyphenated showmen. Now a new type has come to the field.

"Enter the Playwright-manager!"

George Broadhurst, the original and only member of the new species, will, in the October issue, give you some inside information about what he intends to do with the Broadhurst Theatre which he will manage this season.

Mr. Broadhurst has always stood on his own as a playwright. Here's good luck to you, George, as manager!

THE chorus girl is a source of continual worry to everybody in general, and to those women who have nothing to do but wait for afternoon tea in particular.

What she wears, where she dines, and most important of all, what becomes of her after a few years prancing in musical comedy.

We're going to enlighten you about her in the next number. "What Becomes of the Chorus Girl" is the title of the article. You'll be surprised when you read it, too.

See if you won't.

WHEN Clayton Hamilton has something to say it's well worth reading.

In the October number he takes a fling at our American playwrights and upbraids them for failing to make the most of their present opportunity to develop a serious drama in this country.

Now, if ever, is your time, American

"What the Wardrobe Mistress Means to a Production," in the next number, will tell you how the wardrobe women work, their long hours, the laughable and almost tragic incidents that make up the excitement of the day—an unusual article

written by a woman who has been wardrobe mistress with many of the biggest musical plays produced.

EVERYBODY knows Elsie Janis as a clever mimic.

But everybody does not know that Miss Elsie is also a versifier of no mean ability.

As usual, the THEATRE MAGAZINE is eager to give credit where credit is due. In the October issue we'll print "The Slacker," by Elsie Janis, and see if her skill as a rhymster is not equal to her ability as an actress?

THE Art of the Curtain Speech," by Raymond Hitchcock, one of our most entertaining speech makers, surely should make an interesting article.

And it does.

Watch for the October number and see for yourself!

NOW that the new productions are being launched, "Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play."

If you want to keep theatrically informed, read his sprightly, authoritative criticisms—the most readable critiques published.

VOL. XXVI.

No. 199

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authors, to attempt big plays. Mr. Hamilton says so, and surely he ought to know!

THERE is a woman on the theatrical staff whose name nine times out of a hundred never even appears on the program—and yet she holds an invaluable position in the theatre.

MAY we offer a suggestion?

How about doing your bit for our boys in France, by sending them a copy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE each month?

The pictures alone will gladden their hearts.

Now is the time to subscribe.
\$3.50 a year.



From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

BILLIE BURKE

The most lovable of our comediennes, who will be welcomed back to the theatrical fold this season in a new play by Clare Kummer


THEATRE MAGAZINE



THE THEATRE IN WAR TIME

By DR. FRANK CRANE



AR time means a crisis in a nation's life. It is the supreme test of the physical and spiritual force of a people. The efficiency of a country at war depends not only upon its armies at the front, upon its guns and fleets and its whole fighting edge, but also upon the amount of reserve power behind.

Whatever keeps a nation strong and fit, full of vim and resiliency, contributes to its striking power and to its capacity for endurance.

The amusements of a people are an essential part of their efficiency. For ages the world has lain under the medieval delusion that amusements are of the nature of sin, that they are to be guarded against, and that even in their best form they are useless.

Modern science, both in psychology and pedagogy, has established the fact that it is as necessary to amuse people as it is to drill or teach them. It has further discovered that their amusements have more to do with the formation of their character than the preaching or other didactic instruction which may be given them.

In war time therefore it is of the utmost importance that the theatre should realize its opportunity.

The theatre's greatest mission is to take men out of themselves. It gives the soul of the spectator for an hour an excursion into the realms of the unreality. It is a bath in the ideal. Returning from his excursion into the mimic world, the spectator is refreshed and strengthened.

Without diversion the soul of man grows hard, and is subject to dangerous manias. An evening

of wholesome interest at the theatre will save him from many an unwholesome interest, many a morbid enthusiasm, in social and political life.

The instinct of make-believe is probably the earliest to manifest itself in the child. It is the natural retreat of the soul from the burden of daily life. Children are always playing papa or mama or soldier or king. They find in this a wonderful source of refreshment. Children are incurably happy. They live most of the day in a theatre of their own making.

"Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot see." It is in the theatre that we return again to the deep humanities of childhood. Here genius touches the soul with the wand of imagination and cures it of a hundred distempers.

In war time the horror of real life presses upon us. Every morning the newspaper brings to us its terrific chronicle. Whenever a group of men meet, whenever a circle of women gather, the old terror is manifest.

Against this we need the spiritual elixir of the theatre, we need the revivifying touch of the world of fancy, we need all the help which the genius of the playwright and the actor can bring to us.

Thus when we come to think seriously upon the question we realize that the stage is not a nation's weakness, extravagance or undoing, but it is a nation's deep refreshment that gives to the hearts and minds of a great people that spirit of courage and light and adventure that is needed to achieve success in the arena of world conflict.



THE PLAGUE OF DRAMATIZED NOVELS

By LOUIS SHERWIN



IS there anybody who has missed the experience of seeing one of his favorite novels butchered to make a stage hands' holiday, his favorite characters emasculated, the work of genius hashed, vulgarized, sentimentalized, in a word dramatized by some Broadway play carpenter? Have you wondered why it should be impossible for any stage adaptation to give anything even remotely approaching a correct idea of a great work of fiction?

The reason is not far to seek. It is called "the rules of playwriting," the "laws of the drama." They were invented by a handful of industrious jackasses, like Freytag, Sarcey and Archer, then imitated and adopted by every second rate hack in theatredom. When all is said and done, their only usefulness is to serve as a doormat for men of talent.

William Archer once wrote a book of four hundred and nineteen pages beginning with the really sensible words: "There are no rules for writing a play." If he had let it go at that and left the other four hundred and eighteen pages blank he would have contributed a notable service to dramatic literature. But he subsequently had to go and spoil it by some hundred and fifty thousand words of professional bible-babble about *scènes à faire* and peripety and points of attack and the full close and all that sort of foolish technical imperimenta.

The joke of it all is that nine out of ten plays that are worth while break many or all of the precious rules of playwriting. It is not a case of the exceptions proving the rules but of the rules proving the exceptions. On the other hand the dullest, stupidest most puerile and commonplace pieces on the stage are almost invariably "well-made plays." Take for instance the work of Henri Bernstein. According to the standards of Scribe and Augier they are flawlessly constructed. According to the standards of any person of educated taste they are unutterable clap-trap. They comply with all the rules.



NOW, of course, it will be understood that in protesting against the stupidity of dramatized novels I am alluding to good novels. What happens to the chefs-d'oeuvre of Robert W. Chambers or Edna Ferber is a matter of the utmost unimportance. They are merely among the inescapable futilities of daily existence. But when it comes to seeing the works of Thackeray, for instance, converted into theatrical treacle it is time for the critical conscience to sit up on its hind legs and bark. It makes me feel just as I would if I saw a painting by Velasquez "adapted" by Harrison Fisher. Two such offences were perpetrated last season: to wit, the dramatizations of "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes." And though Du Maurier is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Thackeray, even his work was too good to be treated as John N. Raphael treated "Peter Ibbetson." However his was better than most theatrical versions, even if it did lay most emphasis on the plot, whereas, of course, the important part should have been the thought.

The explanation of such literary vandalism is this: some years ago a certain wise intellectual eunuch formulated the ninnyhammer doctrine that the way to dramatize a novel was to read the book and throw it away and then proceed to make a play out of what you can remember. Now this is a perfectly sound doctrine if you admit that it is desirable to turn a work of art

such as "Pendennis" into such an inartistic nuisance as the well-made play. Personally I admit no such thing. I have not only affection but respect for a work of art and it annoys me to see it travestied. I suppose if Michael Morton or Langdon Mitchell were painting Lillian Russell they would scorn the idea of sittings. Their idea would be to take one look at the lady, then go home and think of Thomas A. Wise or DeWolf Hopper. And the final result would be a painting in which the only part that actually resembled Lillian Russell would be the third finger on her left hand. If you accept the popular Broadway idea of a dramatized novel you must also accept the idea as applied to portrait painting or sculpture.



NOW the most vulgar, stupid, maddening thing in these dramatizations is the liberties they take with the characters, characters we know by heart, characters which whether we love them or dislike them are works of art, creations of genius. The worst offender in this respect was Michael Morton's "Colonel Newcome." Now there are many fascinating things about the book but not one of them appeared in the footlight version. For example there is the wonderful satire on the manners and morals of early Victorian society. In place of which the dramatist gives us a picture of the most conventional, sentimental sort. He shows none of the rhythms of life as Thackeray showed them, none of the reactions upon character, the reactions of surroundings and conditions upon character, the reactions of man on his surroundings. Thackeray shows us how the ideas and traditions of her class made a victim of poor, weak little Clara Pulleyn, but he also shows us how these ideas and traditions reacted upon her own family through the subsequent history of Clara Pulleyn after she had been married to Barnes Newcome.

You may plead that it is impossible to show all these things on the stage owing to the inherent limitations of the theatre. Bosh! my good man! Bosh, twaddle, blague! All these things were done in Andreiev's "Life of Man," a play scorned by the doctors because it did not comply with their pestilent rules. Or, if you want a classical illustration of drama that showed the rhythms, the reactions of character upon character, I offer you "King Lear," which even the doctors dare not scorn.



THIS distorting of characters is due primarily to the most odious American vice, sentimentalism, that cheap and nasty counterfeit of sentiment which damns all our efforts. Now Thackeray himself was in some respects an incorrigible old sentimentalist. But at the same time he was fundamentally too much of the artist to suppress the truth. As Bernard Shaw said it comes raging and snivelling out of him. "He exhausts all his feeble pathos in trying to make you sorry for the death of Colonel Newcome, imploring you to regard him as a noble-hearted gentleman instead of an insufferable old fool, developing into a mischievous old swindler; but he gives you the facts about him faithfully."

The play suppresses nearly all Thackeray's artistic virtues and exaggerates his weakness, his sentimentalism. For all his fatuous love of Colonel Newcome, Thackeray shows us that with his folly he caused more unhappiness, ruined

more homes, destroyed more faith than even Barnes, with his brutality and selfishness. The playwright brings out none of these truths. However, in his club-footed effort to emphasize Barnes' villainy, he does make him the only really intelligent creature in the play!

Again, in order to construct a well-made plot, the dramaturge kills off silly little Rosey before the last act. Now after Rosey's death there was not the slightest reason for Clive's enduring the presence of his mother-in-law nor for the Colonel's seeking sanctuary in the Charterhouse. The only purpose served by the taking of such a liberty is to make the whole situation ridiculous. Then take the character of Clive Newcome. He is one of the most interesting persons in the book. In the play he is a cipher, a regular, ordinary, nauseating jeune premier. While reading the book we are absorbed by the development of his character, his struggles, his growth from a spoiled boy, a dilettante parasite, into an artist and man of strength. In the play we do not care a rap what becomes of him. Such a fatuous nonentity deserves nothing better than to marry Rosey MacKenzie and have the Campaigner for a mother-in-law.



A SIMILAR defect was the most glaring in Langdon Mitchell's box-office version of "Pendennis." Thackeray realized a fine picture in Arthur Pendennis: the tragic fight of talent and high-spirited youth, handicapped by the spurious ideas of Victorian sentimentalism, against the actualities of life and the corrosive influence of his class and surroundings. The real Arthur Pendennis was worth saving from the Fotheringay. In the play one felt he was such a young jackass that it would have been a good thing to marry him off to the first trollop that came along in order to get him out of the picture.

As for Major Pendennis, what a mutilation was there! Instead of the masterly satire, the complete brilliant portrait of the elderly sybarite, the arch apostle of snobbishness, what did we see? An elegant, nicely mannered, shrewd old gentleman with hardly a distinguishable characteristic.

The more I think about the problem the more I am convinced that we will never get anywhere until we throw all the so-called rules of the drama, all the miserable baggage of the well-made play into the scrap heap. The only proper method for reproducing a great work of fiction on the stage is the method employed by the Russians. In such works as Andreiev's "Life of Man," or even Ossip Dymov's "Nju," there is real character development and a thorough sense of the rhythms and contradictions of life. Character and thought—ideas—these are the big things in plays. All the rest is fudge and rumbleumble, stale machinery that creaks to heaven. When we set about dramatizing a novel we always search for the least important thing in it—the plot. Who the devil cares about the plot except a jackass Broadway play carpenter? And after all the methods of the Russians, when you come to analyze them, are nothing but the methods of Shakespeare, considerably improved.

Of course they preclude the absurd Rafael Tuck paraphernalia of nuisance known as "realistic" scenery. It demands an essentially simple *mise en scene* easily set and easily struck so that the progress from episode to episode may be swift as possible.



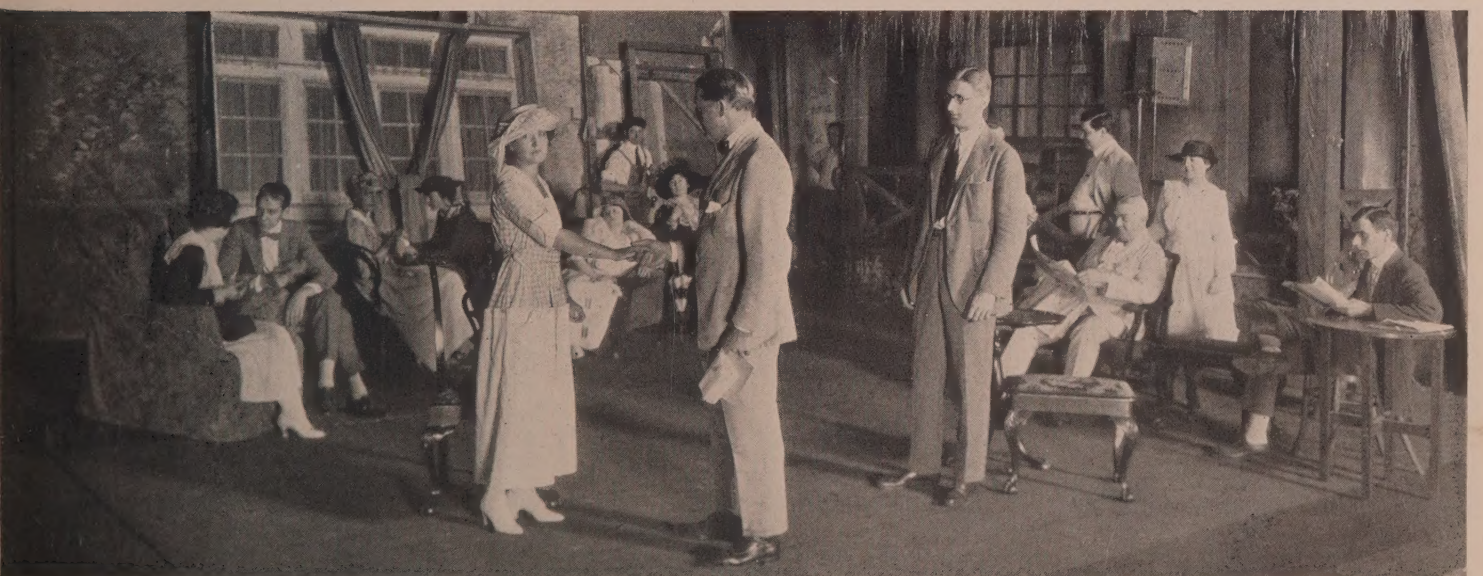
Press III.

During the rehearsals of Arthur Hopkins' production of the new play, "The Deluge," held during some of New York's hottest days, the players admitted that being in a deluge would be more welcome than playing in one



White

Marjorie Rambeau and members of the "Eyes of Youth" company reading over their scripts with Director Marston



Press III.

This is not an afternoon social tea, although everybody is sitting around chatting and Grace George seems to be welcoming a newcomer. It is really a rehearsal of Miss George's company at the Playhouse

BEHIND THE CURTAIN—PREPARING FOR THE NEW SEASON

THE NEW SEASON 1917-18



THE prophet of old, a bearded person clad in flowing garments of wrath, had rather an easy job of it, in comparison with the prophet of to-day, who attempts to forecast in early August, without the aid of whiskers or a white mantle, what the theatrical season of 1917-1918 shall bring forth in America—that is to say on Broadway. Never have managers been confronted with so many unknown quantities in setting down the dramatic equation as confront them to-day.

The Charles Frohman company is launching some important enterprises. Several old Frohman stars—notably Francis Wilson, W. H. Crane, and a woman star of international fame, await only the right play for a return to the management which has so well demonstrated its ability to carry on the Charles Frohman enterprises in the true Charles Frohman spirit. These stars, however, scarcely enter this saga, since their appearance is not as yet a positively decided event. However, an active season is opening for Mr. Alf Hayman and his associates who will carry out a long-cherished plan of Mr. Frohman in presenting Miss Ethel Barrymore in a repertoire of plays beginning with "Camille" and running the whole gamut of emotional and comedy rôles, with Lady Teazle as the concluding offering. Appropriately enough the chasm between Miss Barrymore's emotional plays and her comedy offerings will be spanned by "The Bridge of Sighs," a romantic play by Edward Sheldon.

Otis Skinner will respond with a new play when his name is reached in the Charles Frohman roll-call, and Julia Sanderson and Joe Cawthorne have been fitted with characteristic rôles in "Rambler Rose," a musical offering by that reliable stage gardener, Harry B. Smith, who always causes two blossoms to burst forth where only one scented the air before, whenever he takes his typewriter in hand. By the way, "Rambler Rose" will signalize the return to the stage of Mr. Smith's wife, the superbeautous Irene Bentley, whose last remembered hit was in a piece also by Mr. Smith called "A Wild Rose."



K LAW AND ERLANGER lean decidedly toward musical comedy as war time attractions, and will pin their faith to "The Czardas Princess" as their most notable new offering, with two imposing companies presenting "Miss Springtime." A number of dramatic productions will be made by K. and E., in conjunction with George C. Tyler, and these are of a magnitude to assure a season of splendid performances. Mr. Tyler, by some magic of his own, has won Mrs. Fiske to his banner, and that actress will appear for the first time under his management in a new comedy now well along toward production. "The Belle" is the name of Mrs. Fiske's play, and it is spoken of in terms of exaggerated mirth by all who have been in any way associated with its preparation. Catherine Chisholm Cushing is the author of "The Belle," and a delightful unanimity of opinion prevails to the effect that she has constructed a thoroughly delightful American comedy for the delightful and characteristic American star.

Among the diverse and extensive activities of Mr. Tyler are some exceedingly interesting plans for Miss Laurette Taylor's extended season. For the third time, Miss Taylor will remain in New York through an entire season deferring her tour of the country for another year.

Miss Taylor's second season in New York as a Tyler star, will be launched at the Liberty Theatre on September 11th, when she will begin at the point where she left off at the Globe Theatre in Hartley Manners' "Out There." This will be followed by "The Wooing of Eve," another play by Mr. Manners which in due course will give place to a recently completed piece by Miss Taylor's own personal dramatist (Mr. Manners, of course) which is said to be the *magnum opus* of that playwright, as well as the setting for the finest rôle yet accorded Miss Taylor's talents.

Besides the sensational coup of securing Mrs. Fiske as a Tyler star, the head of the firm has cause to plume himself on finding an unbelievably brilliant rôle for Mr. George Arliss in a play written around the dazzling and dramatic character and career of Alexander Hamilton. It will present the most romantically interesting of American statesmen, at a period in his public life before the clouds and crises of later years had begun to darken his brilliant history.



THE events seized upon by Mrs. Mary Hamilton who has furnished the vehicle in collaboration with Mr. Arliss himself, take place in Hamilton's thirty-third year, during Washington's administration, and finds him surrounded by such shining figures as Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, General Schuyler and Talleyrand. Fittingly enough, Washington, D. C., will witness the first performance of "Hamilton," which will come to New York early next month.

Washington, too, will witness the initial performance of the new piece by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street which Mr. Tyler will produce on August 27th. "The Country Cousin" is the title of this comedy of American manners, and Miss Alexandra Carlisle, the most British and urban of London actresses, will be featured in this production, which will be brought to New York, taking the place of "Turn to the Right" at the Gaiety Theatre.

"Pollyanna," the "glad play," will be presented on tour by two companies, Miss Patricia Collinge continuing as the sugary heroine in the Eastern production and Miss Helen Hayes playing the title rôle on the Coast.

"Among Those Present" will be presented by the Klaw and Erlanger-Tyler firm within a few weeks, and other still uncompleted dramas will engage Mr. Tyler's activities before the snow flies.

If Mr. Lee Shubert cannot find theatres to house his numerous plays he tells me he will lay off managerial work for a few minutes and build some new ones, so great is his faith in the various productions he has at present actively under way. Optimism of the most radiant and roseate hue tinges Mr. Shubert's view of the coming season, and he backs his faith in the axiom that good plays mean good audiences by producing an unusually great number of both lyric and dramatic pieces. His first serious production is, of course, the drama by Abraham Schomer in which Wilton Lackaye is at present appearing at the Lyric. "A Man's House," by Anna Steese Richardson and Edmund Breese will come along a little later, introducing George Nash in the featured rôle. "The Melting of Molly" with Vivian Wessell, as Molly; "The Pawn," with Frank Keenan; a new Walter play with the merry little title of "The Assassin"; "Wanted—An Alibi," with Hale Hamilton as the man who is looking for the alibi; with revivals of "The Knife" and "Peter Ibbetson" place the Shubert firm easily

in the forefront of this season's producers.

In addition to these productions and one or two others not yet mature for mention, the Messrs. Shubert will, of course, do many musical pieces. Rida Johnson Young's "Her Soldier Boy" and her adaptation of the Irving Place success, "Wie Einst In Mai," Franz Lehar's "Star Gazer," "When Two Love" by Eysler, and "Lieutenant Gus" by the same author, have been accepted for early production. "The Cave Lady," by Robert Oliver, "Love's Light," by Hamilton Sims, as well as Passing Shows galore and two Winter Garden mélanges will shed song and smiles upon the dramatic horizon under the Shubert banner.

Winthrop Ames, at the present writing, is negotiating with a famed English actress, in conjunction with the Shubert firm, but any announcement as to this possible sensation are at present premature. William Faversham and William Hodge will continue their profitable association with the Shubert management, and announcements relative to another famous actor long identified with this firm will appear later.

The active young firm of Elliott, Comstock and Gest has plans of magnitude in mind for the forthcoming season. Sixteen companies will be engaged under the banner of the Princess Theatre firm, and most of these will be actively at work by the time this issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is in print. Alice Neilsen in "Kitty Darlin'"—a musical romance—founded upon Agnes and Egerton Castle's "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will reach Broadway in early October, and will probably anchor here for an extended stay. The George Ade comedy, "The College Widow," has also been set to music for this dashing young trio, and under the title, "Leave It to Jane," will come to Longacre for a run after a tryout on tour. A Rip Van Winkle effect by George Hobart, "Piccadilly Jim," by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, and a drama of modern Russia entitled, "The People's King," will also be produced by this trio of managerial musketeers. All the established successes of the firm will continue their profitable careers, and the local *pièce de résistance* for the vast stage of the Manhattan Opera House will be a mammoth production of "Chu-Chin-Chow," the Oriental spectacle which held London spellbound for a year.



CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM has erased the "B" from his signature and will sign all contracts with no middle initial this season. As his successes wax bigger, his signature shrinks a letter or so and it is quite possible that the close of the season of 1917-1918 will find him simply addressed as "Dill" by his associates. This is a roundabout way of remarking that Mr. Dillingham believes himself at the inaugural moment of several sure-fire successes for the coming year. His mammoth Hippodrome entertainment will be in the nature of a patriotic and timely pageant called "U. S. A.," which will reach the public eye with this issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. After Mr. Dillingham's launching of Doyle and Dixon as stars in the rôles originated by the lamented "Dave" Montgomery and Fred Stone in "Chin Chin" in September, Mr. Stone will begin his career as a lone star at the Globe early in October. His vehicle, as yet unnamed, is from the pen of Anne Caldwell and stage director Burnside with Ivan Caryll who assisted the same collaborators with the fascinating musical setting for "Chin Chin," as composer of the music.



© Ira L. Hill

ELEANOR PAINTER

Who has forsaken the musical comedy field to play the leading rôle in "The Pursuit of Pamela"



Victor Georg

MARIE DORO

After several years of successful screen work, Miss Doro will appear in a new play by Florence Lincoln



© James & Bushnell

HENRY MILLER

Besides managing his own theatre this season, Mr. Miller will be seen in a new play



Sarony

EMILY STEVENS

The title of whose starring vehicle, written by the Hattons, has not been decided on



Campbell

FLORENCE NASH

To appear in "The Land of the Free," by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford

S T A R S O F T H E N E W S E A S O N

With "General Post," which has been sensation-ally successful in London during the past few months, Mr. Dillingham will reach out for another Broadway theatre, which will house this ambitious production for an extended run.

In October, too, Mr. Dillingham, in association with Florence Ziegfeld, will present his second sumptuous Century Revue—an entertainment of novelty and dazzle even more glittering and amusing than last year's offering.

Later in the year, possibly by way of Christmas gift to Broadway, Mr. Dillingham will stage two other productions about which at present is carefully drawn a veil of mysterious reticence.

David Belasco will be as active as usual—plus—during the coming season. A number of Belasco successes which refuse to wear out will continue their brilliant career, notably "The Music Master," with David Warfield, which bids fair to be the "Rip Van Winkle" of that legitimate successor to the premier comedian of yesterday—Joseph Jefferson.

"Seven Chances" and its elder rival, "The Boomerang," will continue their lively course, and a new play for Miss Frances Starr is already well under way in rehearsals. An assured sensation which Mr. Belasco will offer to New York audiences is "Polly with a Past," a new comedy by Guy Bolton and George Middleton, in which Miss Ina Claire will burst into effulgence as a Belasco star of the first magnitude. Much also is promised of "Tiger Lily" by Willard

Mack. Of course one recognized idiosyncrasy of Mr. Belasco is a lovable make-believe of profound secrecy regarding his theatrical intentions. The core of mystery, for the present season, is a new play by the Hattons which Mr. Belasco may produce during the winter provided he can find the right actor to impersonate the central masculine figure. Conjure up a mental picture of a handsome dramatist-manager twisting a long suffering forelock in anguished uncertainty as to whether or no the Hatton play will see the light of day with a supreme Belasco cast, and you behold the present attitude of the overlord of the Belasco Theatre.

Far-reaching and comprehensive is the scope of Oliver Morosco's activities for the coming year. Already Eleanor Painter has been seen as a Morosco star in "The Pursuit of Pamela," a delicious trifle (so critics on the Coast declare), by Chester Bailey Fernald, and "A Full Honey-moon" and "What Next" have, in accordance with Mr. Morosco's policy, already been shown to California audiences, whose clamors of approval auger well for their reception on Broadway later in the season.

Blanche Ring, together with her husband, Charles Winninger, well remembered for his capital work in the last Cohan Revue, are co-stars in the latter piece.

A play with a deep psychological interest by Louis Anspacher, will engage the higher intellectual activities of Mr. Morosco, who has had

good fortune with a former similarly scholarly effort of Mr. Anspacher.

The firm of Cohan and Harris will be active during the coming weeks, with various enterprises, several of which have won a Broadway hearing for the approaching season by virtue of a successful summer try-out. A Cohan Revue is promised later in the year.

Joe Weber, having secured the undivided services of Frederic Latham, formerly super-stage director of the Dillingham forces, promptly proved his generous feelings toward a brother-manager by lending Mr. Latham for the Dillingham production of "General Post," in consequence of which altruistic act, his own comedy production of a dramatized best seller is deferred for an indefinite period. His initial activities,— "Eileen" having been already launched upon a second season's run—will be confined to a notable production of a new Victor Herbert opera, in which the foremost of American composers will make his bow as a writer of stirring martial music. "Her Regiment" is the title of the new Herbert opera, which is by no means a war piece, although its theme is more or less military. Carolina White, one of the Nightingales of the Boston Grand Opera Company, is prima donna of the new piece, with Donald Brian as co-star. William Le Baron, who has furnished a really interesting and witty libretto, was captured by Mr. Weber and turned over to Victor Herbert who de- (Concluded on page 168)

LETTERS TO A DRAMATIST

By HAROLD SETON



A letter from Miss Mamie McGuire, a Saleslady at Lacy's.

Dear Sir:

I seen your peace in the Evening Joinal about you saying you wood be glad to receeve suggest-shuns for plots for plays, you been a playwrighte. Well, truth is stranger than friction, as the old saying goes, so I want to tell you about what happened to a soittain party what woiks in a soittain store. I wont mention no names nor no locashuns. But Maggie McGinty was a good goil, the only daughter of poor but honest parents, her father been a bartender and her mother a wash-lady. Her job was at the noshun counter. Mr. Fitzhuskinson was the floorwalker, tall and handsome, but a villain at hart. He spoke to Maggie and smiled at her, and asked her to go and eat with him, but his intenshuns was not honerable, and she feared him like a dove fears a soipent. So she never went and et with him but went and et with Terence O'Toole insted. Terence drove the delivery wagin for the same foim. Now that is as far as reel life has gone, but you could make up the rest so that Mr. Fitzhuskinson gets to fresh, and Maggie calls for help, and Terence beats him up, and virchew triumphs over vice.

Yours very respectfully,

MISS MAMIE MCGUIRE.



A Letter from Mrs. Sophinisba Jinks, Student of New Thought.

Dear Sir:

In reading the interview with you in an evening paper, I was especially interested in noting that you desired to hear from anyone who had an idea for a play, agreeing to pay one hundred dollars for any theme that you accepted.

Now I am a student of New Thought, and I

wish to submit a plot illustrating the Might of Mind, the benefit of going into the Silence, the practicality of Vibrations.

The first act is in a miserable tenement-house, the abode of a family in which the father is a murderer, the mother is a drunkard, the son is a pickpocket, and the daughter is no better than she should be. The surroundings show the filth and squalor resulting from wrong thinking.

The son comes in with a handbag he has stolen from a woman on a street-car. He opens it and exclaims, "There is nothing in it of any value! Only a New Thought pamphlet entitled 'From the Deeper Depths to the Higher Heights' by Orison Wheeler Trine!" The son flings the pamphlet aside, but the daughter picks it up, and starts to read. That ends the first act.

The second act shows the daughter and mother reformed and redeemed, neat and clean, honest and reliable. But the two men still rebel against right thinking, because men seem to resist the Truth more than do women. But in the last act the whole family is transformed. The father has become a policeman, the mother has become a washerwoman, the daughter has become a waitress at Childs', and the son has become a bellboy at the Ritz.

Yours in the One Mind,

SOPHINISBA JINKS.



A Letter from Miss Mirabelle Marlborough, Showgirl at the Summer Garden.

Dear Sir:

Although I have been on the stage for three seasons, I never thought of writing a play myself until I read the article in which you asked for suggestions.

A shoemaker should stick to the last, and a

showgirl should stick to the show! Therefore, I, a showgirl, submit the following scenario: Valerie Verona is the heroine. She is young and beautiful, but cold and callous—apparently. But wait!

Act One is outside the stage-door. Valerie and her gentleman friend, John Dough, have walked to the theatre together. He refers to the diamond ring and the diamond pin he has already given her, and also to the diamond pendant he is going to give her. Other showgirls go into the theatre, and then a young man, big and strong and handsome, although dressed in overalls, passes through. "Who is that?" asks Valerie. "The new stage-carpenter!" says the stage-door keeper. End of Act One.

Act Two shows the stage during the rehearsing of a new number. John Dough comes on, and tells Valerie he resents her growing indifference. As a matter of fact she has fallen in love with the stage-carpenter, but has struggled against this passion, for she does not want to spoil her chances. John Dough becomes so jealous that he finally calls Valerie "a wanton," and leaves her.

Act Three is outside the stage-door again. John Dough waits there for Yolanda, another showgirl. They go away together. Then Valerie comes out with the stage-carpenter. She tells him that she loves him, and he takes her in his arms.

"You have loved me for myself alone!" says the stage-carpenter. "But now I must tell you who I really am! I am Algernon Astorbilt, heir to millions! I only took this job to be near you! But now we must marry and go to Newport for the summer and to Palm Beach for the winter!"

Yours hopefully,

MIRABELLE MARLBOROUGH.



Matsene

CLARA JOEL

Playing the leading feminine rôle in the new comedy, "Business Before Pleasure"



Goldberg

GRACE GEORGE

Who will be at the Playhouse again this season with a series of new plays



GEORGE ARLISS

A new starring vehicle, built around the life of the statesman, Alexander Hamilton, will give this popular actor ample opportunity to display his versatility



Campbell

JOSEPHINE VICTOR

This sympathetic young actress will be seen in a new play by Thompson Buchanan



Sarony

EDITH TALIAFERRO

"Mother Carey's Chickens" is the title of Miss Taliaferro's new piece, which opens at the Cort

ESTABLISHED FAVORITES IN NEW PLAYS

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S REAL SELF

By W.A. STANLEY



MY acquaintance with Mansfield originated in our youth for we were about of an age. I was a vocal pupil of his mother. No child ever bore closer resemblance to a parent than he did to her in the strong characteristics. As her pupil I knew intimately the violent and assertive traits of arbitrary femininity of the gifted Madame Rudersdorf; and whether she bestowed on her son the gift of acting, she certainly bequeathed to him a volcanic irascibility that amidst the restraints of her studio she was wont to display to my repeated discomfiture; and of which I became a sympathetic observer in similar experiences by others.

For reasons best known to Mansfield he expressly desired my opinion of his manifold interpretations.

He was a marvel of highly developed, exquisitely polished confidence. Not an inane, foolish, caddish type of vanity; but masterful acquirement of prodigious effrontery. He hadn't the remotest conception of limitations in himself; hence gave the world consummate excellence in dancing, fencing, horsemanship, boating, languages, music, conversation, art, science, philosophy. Had he taken the notion he would have carried the versatility to preaching, statesmanship, medicine and the law, with similar assurance, and, perhaps, with equal success.

He did not relish the title of actor. He was the certain "Mr. Mansfield," which meant with him a definite, serious consequence to his era; so that whatever way you viewed him he could surprise you with a bigger, deeper, more peculiarly differentiated ego than you expected, no matter how lofty your expectations.



HE died with but the merest fraction of his capabilities demonstrated—that is, as he measured himself. This stupendous self-containment hadn't actually a grain of conceit about it. It was, rather, his genuine comprehension of his self's powers, which he was willing to prodigally bestow upon his age, only asking in return the unbounded amazement of his fellow beings.

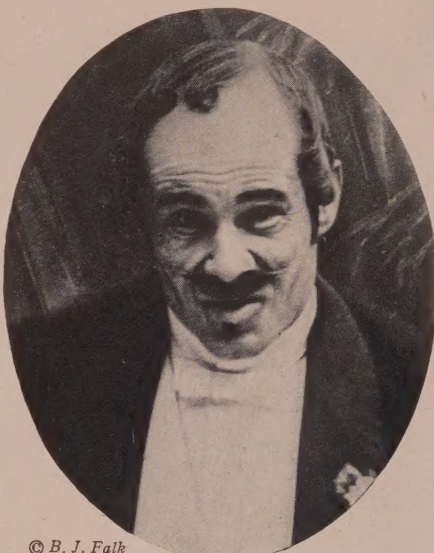
Mansfield thrived upon audiences leaning forward, open-mouthed and aghast. Nothing less satisfied him. It was a conviction as deeply seated as his reverence for God that he was the master creator of characters in the stage world. He considered the simple word "Mansfield" the wand to conjure with. It was a magic word. He made it so. When at last he got the chance to do "Baron Chevalier" he was almost frantic—not with joy at the opportunity, but with anger at destiny for restraining him so long in obscurity. Thenceforward he employed confidence, assurance, self-containment, and the tireless concentration of his powers all the way along to "Peer Gynt," to flay, thrash, scourge and ridicule Destiny with tireless punishment for not letting him sooner into his own.

Following "Chevalier"—the elementals of which triumph were annoyance at A. M. Palmer's reluctance to appreciate him, and disgust with J. H. Stoddard for failing to discern the possibilities of the rôle—he did Gunter's "Prince Karl" and Fitch's "Beau Brummel"—two portraiturets wherein he took pride and pleasure akin to that he felt in the old Baron; first because they gave scope to his mania for infinite pains, second because by their origination he put the achieving peg above reach, and did so willfully.

The same intense longing to distend the public's eye with astonishment at startling altitudes of creativeness prompted him to present "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It was a play painfully mediocre; but it led him into inventive search for effects in trickery in which he revelled, and was so gruesome as to be all the more difficult to work strictly artistic effects from.



THE public marvelled that he retained some of the earlier characterizations in his repertoire when broader and braver attempts occupied him. But he revelled in testing the public with apparent impossibilities; purely to demonstrate



© B. J. Falk

RICHARD MANSFIELD
As Baron Chevalier in "A Parisian Romance"

that nothing was impossible with him when it came to compulsion of public interest.

Much as Mansfield knew, it is highly improbable that he wholly understood himself.

The manifold variety of his gifts strengthened the conclusion that he was a force; made up of component elements of tremendous vigor and energy; in which dramatic art was but a vehicle he elected to employ.

It would be hazardous to venture that, for the purpose of pecuniary emolument, Mansfield might have chosen more wisely; for how can we know if he would have become greater, more successful, or popular, as a musician, statesman, writer, or orator, than as a player.

While the vast majority—those of subordinate minds—accepted Mansfield as a great actor, there is an analytical minority to which he presented an interesting study in the supremacy of personality, in that domination which we are satisfied to pass current by the term "magnetism."

From the commencement of his career, through all the years of splendid service he gave to the stage, there was uncertainty regarding the reality of his dramatic genius that necessitated patient waiting for determination. No separate rôle which he undertook was sufficient to determine the question; nor did all the productions he made do so much to decide in favor of dramatic power as the multiplicity of unaccountable eccentricities demonstrated a strenuous personality which used the stage as a playground, and the drama as a toy for its capricious, fascinating humors.

The individuality of Mansfield was infinitely

more fertile and versatile than the art he espoused could accommodate; and the overflow he invested in curiosity creating maneuvers, which represented capital employed in converting into profit his otherwise idle fancies.

It would be remarkable for Mansfield to be deemed everything from a charlatan to a great actor were it not for the fact that he succeeded in adding to these reputations others embracing everything from the most hardened brute to the sweetest and most tender nature.

His genius lay in the fixedness with which he established himself at every point in the range of public and private estimation, without losing a day from business, or expending a dollar unnecessarily.

The first and chief evidence of the domination of Mansfield's personality over his dramatic acumen was his determined undertaking of unsuitable rôles. No actor is so great but he will commit some errors in the selection of plays, in the choice of characters; and in this respect it was not fair to expect Mansfield to be an exception. But right or wrong, he had the power of individuality to compel the public to accept him in anything he chose to present; and to applaud and reward the inferior as well as the artistic.



IT requires a most remarkable personality to compel acknowledgment for individualization of a number of rôles which have been made familiar by superior and satisfactory interpretation, to say nothing of a defiance of a century's precedents that have been accepted with popular approbation. Mansfield could not have been what he was, nor undertaken the stunts he did, unless he entrusted to his personality the heaviest responsibilities of those Herculean attempts. The conserving dictates which inspire temerity in the most gifted players cannot be successfully exterminated save by an overwhelming self-assurance.

The distinction of everything that Mansfield attempted possessed the intensification begotten of uninterrupted success; whereby that which he did strewn with flowers the otherwise rough pavings of what he would achieve. If we agree that his early struggles for recognition were exceedingly bitter and disheartening, we must also admit that when he did get fortune into a corner he exacted its unflagging zeal in his behalf.

It is not strange that Mansfield was heartily despised by many professional confrères, and dearly loved by others. Those contrasted phases of appreciation have nothing to do with the truth, or falsity, of the reports of his treatment of stage associates; but grow out of the natural friction of minds.

A nature so assertive and dominant as his had to grate harshly upon those close to him since he was at the same time able to attract thousands of auditors to pay liberally to see him attempt rôles they knew beforehand he could not interpret, simply because he had too much forcible antagonism to befit them.

Herein lay the palpable evidence of Mansfield's reliance upon his masterful will; supported by that sublime egotism which would keep the President of the United States waiting an hour for an audience, or give "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a production worthy of "The Passion Play."

His doings and sayings summarized are purely the longitudes of

(Continued on page 162)



White

MITZI

Hungarian to her finger tips, this dainty little prima donna will be seen in a new musical comedy after a tour in "Pom Pom"



Campbell

JULIA SANDERSON

Who has been fitted with a characteristic rôle in the new Harry B. Smith musical offering, "Rambler Rose"



Sarony

DONALD BRIAN

The matinée girls will be glad to hear that Mr. Brian will grace the stage this season in a Victor Herbert piece called "Her Regiment"



© Mishkin

ALICE NIELSEN

The star of "Kitty Darlin'," a musical romance which will open at the Casino in October



White

BLANCHE RING

Who, with her husband, Charles Winninger, will co-star in "What Next"

HOLDING MY AUDIENCE

By NORA BAYES



IT is not my intention to tell you how I hold my audience, because the situation is quite the reverse—they hold me. They represent the most comfortable and valuable relationship. They are my friends. It is therefore with the intimate safety of friendship, that I go out upon the stage and shake hands with them. My performances are exactly like an intimate chat with one or two close friends, who sit around a table and enjoy themselves. I can think of no better symbol to express my own feelings towards the audience than that of a small party seated at a friendly table.

Of course just here, I ought to say something about "my art."

Was there ever an artist who could tell you by what magic the artistic results were obtained?

Can the painter tell you why he paints well, or the singer why she sings well?

Is it at all possible in the strange domain of artistic endeavor, to tell other people how to be artistic?



HAVING asked myself these questions, I propose to answer them, so as to amplify the impossibility of telling how an audience is held.

Cleverness is very much improved by thorough association, and therefore I find it of great assistance to read good books, to maintain a pace towards the intellectual interests in life. George Bernard Shaw always writes as though he were addressing a very intellectual world. He does not seem to care whether people understand him or not. Of course he is tolerably sure that a few people will understand him, and he doesn't care very much if the rest do not. This is a good standpoint to take towards artistic work of any kind. If you are properly nourished mentally, you are not likely to become mediocre. The people who understand and who know what artistic work is, are on the increase.

It very often happens that a popular theme is suggested to me by very serious reading, Ibsen was the sort of man who could have written good vaudeville sketches.

Let me say that any old audience, in any old theatre, in any old town is far better than the performances they attend. As a very distinguished American playwright once said to a gathering of dramatists.

"I hear a great deal from you playwrights about trying to write down to your audience. Have you ever realized what a theatre audience represents? Seated side by side, silently weighing the humanity, the truth or the lies of the light story being presented to them by the actors, are men and women who have had marvelous experiences of real life. Like a great inarticulate jury they sit in judgment upon the artistic sincerity of your work. How dare you attempt to write down to such a jury? You ought to go down on your knees and thank God that the audience hasn't killed you for writing the play at all."

My sentiments, exactly, friend audience. Above all things necessary to any endeavor in art, be sincere. The clown amuses, the emotional parasite hangs on, but the simple truth never fails.

It has been said that acting is the lesser of all the arts. I have never been a real actress in a real play so I have no personal knowledge of

this fact. But I do know that in holding an audience the most important factor is to be sincere towards them in your work. I have seen actors, stars who were most artificial and uninteresting for the first two acts of a play, and I have wondered why they were so successful with the public. Then, suddenly, in a great scene in the third act, they blazed upward and out of the dumb show of their technique, and thrilled you for the moment by tremendous emotional sincerity. I recall seeing Lou Telle-gen wander through two acts of a play with a technique that was excellent but quite obvious, and suddenly in the third act when he was at bay, he turned and faced his pursuers with the moment of tremendous earnestness that brought us out of our seats. He seemed to grow three inches taller, he became like an iron man.

Now of course in a long play, one can have flashes of sincerity that make up for the rest of the performance, but in vaudeville where you are entirely alone with friend audience, you must sustain that intensity of truth and sincerity from beginning to end. I have sometimes imagined that the presence of a company of actors around the star is a hindrance to the star. They may be necessary to the progress of the story, but in their relation to the artistic power of the star, they must weaken his or her identity. That good old word "personality," so overworked that it has become a feeble apology for mediocre talent, has nothing to do with holding an audience.

How do you hold the friendship of anyone?

You hold it by absolute sincerity, by continued friendliness, by your endeavor to give the best and most truthful part of yourself to your friend.



ONE must have heart, mind, faith, and love for one's audience. These are the elements of friendship, too. There was a celebrated author, who was asked how he wrote his stories. The question concerned not so much his methods of writing, as his mood toward his work. His explanation was a complete confession of absolute sincerity, of unbridled self-abandon.

"Write always as if you were talking to your most intimate friend, as if you were in a small room, a quiet place apart from distracting things of no real interest to you. Writing is not so much an art as it is an exchange of feeling with other human beings who understand you."

The theatre, whether it be devoted to vaudeville or drama, is filled with human beings who know all that you are trying to say to them. If they do not understand it it is because you are not talking to them frankly, happily, without self-conscious embarrassment. If all artists in vaudeville would become their own authors, they would perhaps create for themselves exceptional personalities.

I am not very fond of the word "personality" because it has been applied to so many misrepresentations on the billboards. I have seen it used in circus advertising to inspire interest in an educated horse, for instance. The horse may have deserved it, but the point is that the horse did not need it. A well-educated horse must obviously be a personality, because there are so many without education. You see what I mean!

We are all personally responsible to our friends, and it is they who must find our personality for us, as we find theirs.

Exactly the same obligations rest with the

artist who is seeking to make friends with her audiences. At least, that is my relation in the theatre with my friends in front. The simplicity which sincerity insists upon is something everyone understands, and more still, it is something everyone feels.

The artist who really has something to say, something to give to others, really confides a secret. That is to say the ideas of artistic value, are in themselves the outcome of inner feeling or thought. It is quite necessary, of course, always to have something to say. It may have been said before, but it must be well said to stand out at all.

For instance, in Washington the other day I was singing my soldier song. There were a lot of men in uniform in the audience, and I noticed that when they saw an actor come out on the stage in khaki, they settled back to endure. Of course they were expecting the old stage trick of an appeal to patriotism, with a dramatic finish and the American flag. They were wrong. The song is really a simple duet which interprets the farewell of a soldier and his sweetheart. The words are simple, it is so sincere in its appeal, that it requires only a truthful emotion to send it home to the hearts of mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts. I have never sung the song without frankly yielding to its drama, and at the farewell moment there are always tears in my eyes, and there are in Mr. Irving Fisher's eyes. As my back is to the audience much of the time, they do not know that I am really crying.



THERE is in this example all that I could possibly say upon the question of how an artist should hold an audience. For the moment the artist forgets the immediate pressure of real things, and makes the unreal situation on the stage an incident that is true. To laugh in comedy, there must be laughing and crying. The stage laugh may cause hysteria, but the real laughter which an artist can convey, makes everyone in the theatre happy.

All that counts in the span of this existence is to laugh much, to cry little. If you happen to be that most fortunate of the human tribe, an artist, be without fear. The whole gamut of life's emotion and reason is yours. The scale of feeling is a long one. It rises, and according to the fullness of your nature your high notes are rich, or shrill. It goes down into the depths, and you sound the deep notes of true feeling, or the tone of life becomes too terrifying, and you destroy the music of spiritual depth.

The vaudeville audience is the most sensitive, because it is there to meet old friends, to spend an hour or two in pleasant company, and it has no objection to tears if they start from the hearts of their friends on the stage. They are just as ready to cry with you in the theatre as they would be in their own homes, but they must be real tears, not stage tears.

As to laughter, I have felt the greatest delight when I can laugh with them. I do not want an audience to laugh at me, I want them to laugh with me, just as I want my friends to do when we are together.

As children play at being someone quite different from what they really are, so in vaudeville we try to pretend that we are playing a game of some sort, having a frolic all to ourselves.



Ernest Truex, Dorothy Mackaye, Richard Bennett
The childless couple and the
eugenically inclined brother



Mabel Allan and Ernest Truex
Learning to become
a useful father



William P. Carleton and Florence Oakley
The chauffeur and maid
selected to be the parents



White

The brother discovers that his plans are going amiss

A brother whose hobby is eugenics undertakes to supply a childless couple with an acceptable infant by selecting suitable parents and persuading them to have a child. His choice falls upon his own chauffeur and the couple's maid ignorant of the fact that the two are about to marry. The pride of the vicarious father and the deceptions which the young couple are compelled to resort to are responsible for most of the fun. In the end the mother refuses to give up her baby even for the promised \$15,000. But the curtain falls with the childless wife confiding important news to her husband

SCENES IN THE NEW FARCE "THE VERY IDEA"

HARROWING MOMENTS IN POPULAR PLAYS

By PAUL MORRIS



THERE have been theatrical seasons in which simplicity and a spirit of restfulness have prevailed. A quiet love story or a piece of artistic writing about an uneventful plot have had the power of attracting crowds. But now, it seems that the public must be thrilled. A play cannot picture one-thousandth part of the tragedy that is hovering over France and Belgium. Yet because of the great commotion into which the world has been thrown theatre-goers demand things on the stage that are in keeping with the stirring events of the day. They must have things that make the blood run faster, that mystify, that thrill. The love of the heroic, one of the most general of human traits, has been magnified. Men that shoot, that do acts of violence, and women,—well, at least women that are not afraid of the dark—are required on the stage to keep the orchestra chairs filled. Power, the one thing which the modern world worships unqualifiedly, has always been popular on the stage, but now it is almost necessary.

Pistol shots, bloody knives, sand-bags and poison are all good antidotes for the boredom of the present generation.

A few seasons past, the best thrillers were to be found in one-act plays and in vaudeville sketches. A little theatre, the Princess, in New York, was devoted exclusively to half-length sensational plays. Now the stage is being overrun with full-length thrillers. The surprise, "the punch," which popular dramatists think is necessary to satisfy the public at the end of a play, is nearly always in the form of some type of violence. Nothing is too harrowing. The audience cannot shudder too often nowadays.



PERHAPS, some day, if the present tendency is not curtailed, the theatre will be as serious as grand opera where tragedy is the rule and comedy the exception, even more serious mayhap since a spoken word is more forceful than one that is sung.

From an artistic standpoint, a drama in which there are, what might be called intellectual climaxes, is a superior variety. Most of the thoughtful writers who would reform, or at least change the world and its ways by their works, use intellectual climaxes. A Shaw play, for instance, does not as a rule deal with violence. Written for intellectual persons, thinkers, social workers and serious people generally, no doubt, it stands on a higher plane than a play that relies upon melodramatic sensational scenes to hold the interest. But the average playgoer seems to demand physical action. Playwrights are following the lead of Sardou, the great French master of blood-curdling dramas.

More harrowing scenes appeared in Eugene Walter's "The Knife," which opened the New Bijou Theatre in April than in any other offering of the season. It contained enough melodrama to fill half a dozen ordinary plays. Yet though many lives were threatened only one death occurred, and that not exactly by violence. In fact it was something more dreadful, more sinister, more fearful than bullets or sand-bags. Teeming with shuddering incidents beyond even the magazine detective stories, "The Knife" introduced a victim artificially treated with a deadly serum. A physician experimenting with human specimens instead of dogs and cats was

the theme and no thrill of the season was more telling than that at the end of the second act where the doctor decided to experiment with two human beings who were under his power, to subject them to an awful disease supposed to be incurable and then to experiment with them on cures. At first he intended to shoot them, a man and a woman who had doped his fiancée and subjected her to maltreatment. He had discovered them, white slavers, posing as clairvoyants, bad morally, but fitted physically to be experimented upon in the cause of medicine. It was for them a punishment of the severest character and for him a thing fraught with great danger, for the law does not usually permit individuals to do its punishing. But though the woman died of a hideous disease, the man was saved and a great cure was found.

The play was filled with harrowing situations. The abduction of the young fiancée, the trial of the doctor and a dozen other incidents made it the most thrilling play seen here for a long time.



IN "The 13th Chair," one of the most successful of last season's offerings, there is an exceptionally thrilling scene. Thirteen men and women are seated at a table. One is a murderer. But which one? Nobody seems to know. The services of a medium are employed. A girl suspected of having information about the murder is put into a trance. She will tell all during the *séance*, they think. All of the lights are turned out. As the medium questions the girl, suddenly in the darkness another woman at the table feels something dripping upon her from the next chair. It feels like blood. She cries out and up go the lights to reveal another murder. All was done in silence and darkness. There is no trace of the murderer except a bloody knife and the dead body. This is a typical harrowing moment. It contains suspense, violence and mystery.

In "Peter Ibbetson" the murder is committed right out in plain sight. It is not a premeditated, cold-blooded affair. The murderer, the victim and the audience all are taken by surprise. The hero of the play is a self-composed, quiet person—not at all the sort of being that one would suspect of killing, least of all of killing his uncle. But he did and apparently was proud of it. The good name of his mother had been besmirched by a lying tongue. He is blinded with anger. He seizes the first heavy thing that his hands light upon and strikes the accuser. And the uncle falls upon the floor—dead. In the play John Barrymore and his brother Lionel acted the parts of the hero and the uncle.



SARDOU'S "La Tosca" was done at the Garrick Theatre in French with Mme. Dorthy of the Comédie Française in the title rôle and at the Metropolitan Opera House set to Puccini's music, it was sung with Miss Geraldine Farrar as Floria Tosca. This is the model upon which most thrillers are built. What is there more harrowing than the scene in the office of Scarpia, the police commissioner, where Tosca is required to hear the cries of her lover who is being tortured? What is more thrilling than the moment when she stabs her tormentor unless it is the final scene where,

upon discovering that her lover has been killed through treachery, she leaps to death from a parapet of the prison in which he has been held.

One of the productions of the Washington Square Players, at the Comedy Theatre, "The Last Straw," was the cause of many shudders. A janitor killed a cat. It seemed a simple matter, but everybody he met taunted him for his cruelty to animals and he finally acquitted himself by committing suicide. There is no telling where crime will lead to even in the basement.

Among the war plays, "If" contained about as much killing as any other. It was a dream play of a Japanese invasion of California. Somehow its harrowing moments did not strike its audiences quite as seriously as could have been expected, but nevertheless there was plenty of violence.

The two most morbid plays of the season probably were Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "The Man Who Came Back." The former deals with heredity and crime in a way that makes one's hair stand on end. When, after a life filled with all manner of excesses, the hero, who is the son of a dissolute man, finds that he is about to marry his half-sister, his condition is worse than death. He goes insane. In "The Man Who Came Back" a young man whose life has been everything but upright is sent by his friends to the Orient to avoid being imprisoned for forgery. There he goes from bad to worse. Some time after his arrival, drunk in an opium den, he cries out for some one to drink with him. From behind darkened curtains a voice answers. It is a girl, an American girl, drunk with opium. He looks, and in a moment recognizes her. It is some one he knew in San Francisco, about the only woman for whom he had had any respect. She was honest when he left, but when he was gone she had changed. The Orient had caught her in its meshes.



ANOTHER Oriental play, "The Yellow Jacket," revived at a series of special matinée performances contains a weird Oriental murder.

One production started its career with a powerful ending, one that sent the audience home with a feeling of the great tragedies of life. It was "Lilac Time," a pleasant title, and after a short run it was presented with a pleasant ending. A young lover—he intended to marry the heroine, but he went off to war,—is killed. To save her good name she must marry, but the final curtain dropped upon her, weeping at the news of his death. Later Miss Jane Cowl, who was the heroine, decided to change the plot and it developed that he was really only wounded. Thus one play was deprived of its harrowing scene.

Of late years in a general way the motion picture industry has got the better of the spoken drama in the matter of melodrama. On the road, the stock companies that used to play "East Lynne" and the rest of the old-time melodramas have had to give way to the "movies." Harrowing incidents have some way got themselves associated with the motion pictures, so that the authors of the present plays of violence might justly be accused of using "movie" tactics. As a matter of fact it is just a going back to the days before the photo play presented any signs of rivaling the spoken drama.



From a portrait by Sarony

LENORE ULRICH

To appear under the Belasco banner in a play of the Canadian northwest by Willard Mack entitled "Tiger Rose." A Hawaiian in "The Bird of Paradise," an Indian in "The Heart of Wetona," Miss Ulrich's new rôle will be that of a half breed girl



Ira L. Hill



The theory that only the movies can have multitudes for audiences is disproved by the recent open air performances of "Caliban" at the Harvard Stadium where 150,000 persons witnessed the Masque with Howard Kyle as Prospero and Alexandra Carlisle as Miranda

(Left upper corner)

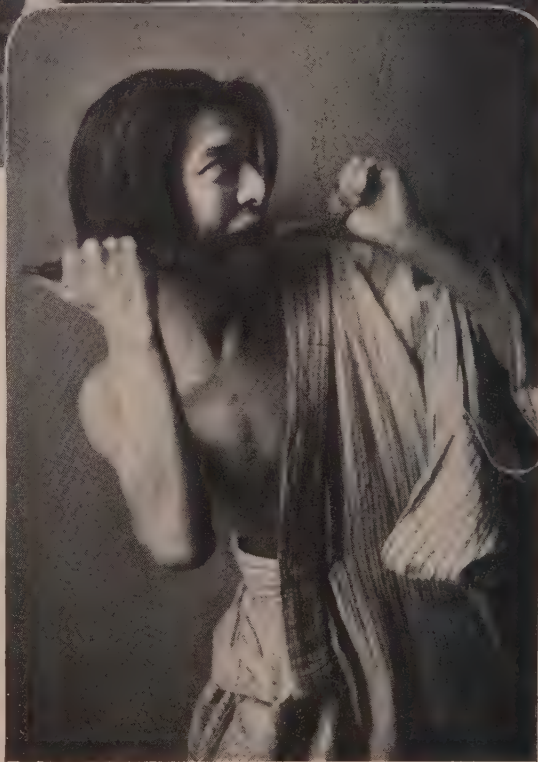
HELEN ROGERS

A New York girl who made her début a Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana" at Columbia University during the summer season of opera, singing with charm and effectiveness

(Circle)

ANTOINETTE LAFFARGUE

A youthful soprano whose vocal ability has created for her a host of admirers in musical centers



Goldberg

MICHIO ITOW

Partly responsible for the production of the Japanese tragedy "Bushido," and now a successful dance exponent with Bolm and his Ballet Intime



Hill

MABEL RIEGELMAN

The well-known singer who helped to make the recent operatic performances at Columbia memorable

IN THE THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL WORLD

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



BIJOU. "MARY'S ANKLE." Farce in three acts by May Tully. Produced on August 6 with this cast:

Doctor Hampton	Bert Lytell
"Chub" Perkins	Leo Donnelly
Stokes	T. W. Gibson
Clementine	Mae Melville
Mrs. Merrivale	Zelda Sears
Mary	Irene Fenwick
Mrs. Burns	Adelaide Prince
G. P. Hampton	Walter Jones
Steward	Barnett Parker

PERSONS in the neighborhood of Broadway and 46th Street, who, on the evening of August 6, heard a tremendous racket and naturally supposed that the long-expected bombardment of New York from the air had come, were slightly relieved to learn later that it was only Al H. Woods opening the theatrical season with a farce.

Said farce was "Mary's Ankle," a crude and incredible composition in which, for lack of any other sort of entertainment, everybody shouted machine-made jests of the Broadway-bludgeon type at the top of his lungs.

A doctor without patients sends out a wedding announcement in order to lure costly and pawnable presents from relatives in Fargo. He invents a bride by the name of Mary Jane Smith and locates her in Elizabeth, N. J. To his surprise, but not, of course, to that of any seasoned farce-goer, Mary in person very shortly turns up. Then the coincidences begin to accumulate. Of course, there is a rich relative who has to be fooled and who finally radiates forgiveness and \$10,000 checks.

And yet managers say what the American public want is novelty!

As for Mary's ankle, it is really Irene Fenwick's. She gets it sprained so she can be carried into the office of the doctor who has already announced his wedding to her. In the last act, for no reason in particular, everybody takes a trip to Bermuda and we are allowed to laugh ourselves sick over the comic steward's jokes about the bridal suite.

I hardly know how to distribute the honors among the cast—whether on the basis of acting or of the amount of noise made. For absolute uproar I commend you to the first five names on the list. These, ladies and gentlemen, as a quintette, put the little Bijou to a severe test.

Its walls are strong; its roof is securely attached to them. American soldiers preparing for the ear-strain of the trenches would do well to put in an evening listening to "Mary's Ankle."

Walter Jones administered his usual First Aid as the rich uncle. Miss Fenwick was, of course, charming. And Barnett Parker was genuinely funny as the steward.

BOOTH. "FRIEND MARTHA." Comedy in four acts by Edward Peple. Produced on August 7 with this cast:

Godfrey Mayhew	Edmund Breese
Sarah Mayhew, Lizzie Hudson Collier	
Martha Mayhew	Oza Waldrop
Aaron Quane	Sydney Greenstreet
Arabella Neeks	Florence Edney
Ruth Grellet	Helen Lowell
Col. Shirley	Charles A. Stevenson
Harry Shirley	R. Leigh Denny
Judge Garnett	Wallace Erskine
Joe Fox	John L. Shine
Jonathan	Arthur Hyman

PERHAPS the most that can be said of Edward Peple's play, "Friend Martha," is that it is a comedy of rare quaintness.

Martha is a pretty little Quakeress who ultimately rebels against the iron rule of her stern father. She refuses to marry the grotesque elder, and elopes with a young Philadelphia aristocrat who has happened along. After unsuccessful efforts to be married the pair are pursued to an inn by two parties, one headed by the father of the bridegroom and the other by the father of the bride.

Dainty Friend Martha instantaneously banishes the hostility of her lover's sire. One glimpse of her is enough to overcome any lingering prejudice against Quakers. And when her own father demands her return home, she takes her stand with her lover and severs diplomatic relations with the elder and all his flock. No, not quite all. There is the little mother, who has suffered so long in silence. For her, Friend Martha will make any sacrifice. And so sadly she leaves her lover and returns to the household that is ruled with a hand of brass.

The last act takes place in a picturesque Quaker Chapel. Martha is about to be placed on trial. The Philadelphians come to claim her. After a tense scene in which both

Martha and her mother assert their rights, the lovers triumph.

Mr. MacGregor assembled for "Friend Martha" a remarkable cast. Miss Oza Waldrop was delightful as the quaint little Quakeress. Edmund Breese made the father stern without being cruel. R. Leigh Denny proved himself a most accomplished and ingratiating juvenile. The Quaker comics were played by Sidney Greenstreet, Helen Lowell and Florence Edney. Lizzie Hudson Collier and Charles A. Stevenson also distinguished themselves.

"Friend Martha" is tenuous and lacks variety, but it is often captivating. Pictorially it is most admirable. The debutantes ought to love it.

ASTOR. "THE VERY IDEA." Comedy in three acts by William Le Baron. Produced on August 9 with this cast:

George Green	Purnell Pratt
Gilbert Goodhue	Ernest Truex
Marion Green	Josephine Drake
Edith Goodhue	Dorothy Mackaye
Dorothy Green	Ruth Collins
Nora Tracy	Florence Oakley
Joe Garvin	William P. Carleton
Alan Camp	Richard Bennett
Miss Duncan	Mabel Allan

WITH the thermometer registering in the eighties it sounds somewhat paradoxical to talk about skating. But it's a fact that the Astor Theatre has been turned into a rink. True it is that the ice is thin, very very thin, but William Le Baron, author of "The Very Idea," is a perfect Charlotte when it comes to flitting over a glacial surface so attenuated that anyone less skilful would surely sink beneath it and plunge himself into the very depths of degradation.

Mr. Le Baron has written one of the cleverest and wittiest farces of the decade. It deals with Eugenics. It is manifestly unfit for the debutante or for that matter the young of either sex. For the sophisticated it will prove a treat. It is delicately indelicate or indelicately delicate, whichever you prefer. Yet it would be manifestly unfair to call it suggestive. It is not. True, its subject matter, at one time, anyway, was not discussed openly, but in these frank days of speech you can discuss almost anything if your vocabulary

is only sufficiently comprehensive.

Mr. Le Baron's command of words is entirely adequate. His finesse of expression ranks with the best of the Gaelic experts in such matters. Although he puts much reliance on physical contrast for theatrical value, there is such neatness of general expression and such real wit in his lines that the farce, or comedy, as he calls it, deserves a high rank for its fidelity to the truthful reflection of life. It is acted, too, with just the nice sense of seriousness that makes the obviously farcical take on the semblance of the real.

Gilbert Goodhue, a pompous little shrimp of a man and his silly little wife are childless. Her brother-in-law, Alan Camp, is a student of Eugenics. When they propose to adopt a child, Camp suggests it were far better to select potentially perfect parents in advance and let nature do the rest. A splendid chauffeur, physically, and an equally healthy maid,—fortunately be it said they love each other and between themselves settle it to marry—are picked out for the putative father and mother. Any one with a single eye can note the possibilities for humorous complications. There are many of them and Mr. Le Baron realizes them.

Ernest Truex, as the grotesque little Goodhue, proves himself a born farceur. He is deliciously droll and with it all finely and artistically reserved. It is a quaint characterization of fine value. Richard Bennett is expertly neat, dextrous, facile, glib and convincing as the experimental brother. The chauffeur has a fine physical exponent in William P. Carleton while his partner in biological experimentation is acted with a sincere delicacy of expression by Florence Oakley. The rest of the cast is quite competent. It is not wise to know too much in advance of the details of "The Very Idea." Let them be a surprise if you are going to see the piece and you certainly should put it on your list, for it's a chuckle, a laugh and a roar from curtain to curtain.

LYCEUM. "THE LASSOO," Comedy in four acts by Victor Mapes. Produced on August 13 with this cast:

Harold Brown	Shelley Hall
Byron Hawksley	Edward Abeles
Judge Brewster	George Backus
George T. Stockman	Burton Churchill
Schuyler Hazlett	Robert Adams
Jake Durkin	Sam Coit
McPherson	Walter Colligan
Bobbie Crocker	Guy Milhan
Mildred Brown	Phoebe Foster
Blanche Duval	Beatrice Noyes

Amy Crocker	Helen Westley
Mrs. Latimer	Eleanor Gordon
Pamela Gast	Lillian Cooper
Miss Stilton	Beatrice Warren
Miss Klinger	Florence Johns
Hilda	Florence Beresford

IT is a dangerous thing, even if you are only a part author, to write a very successful play. That is, if you expect ever to do anything else. That is the experience Mr. Victor Mapes is up against. For a successor to "The Boomerang" was sure to court invidious comparison.

The inevitable has happened and at the Lyceum there is on view a new modern society comedy in four acts from Mr. Mapes' pen called "The Lassoo." Appropriately staged, that is, attractive scenery and snappy frocks for the ladies, a company of superior excellence in the matter of talent and illuminative stage direction, there is still something wanting for an evening of entire enjoyment and satisfaction.

It is the author himself who fails in a complete realization. Mr. Mapes' character drawing is admirable and his dialogue, in spots, is pregnant with felicitous lines, but it is all so detached, so wanting in a sustained homogeneity that the value of the persons and their fable evade and what should be appealing drama fails in significance and melts into thin air.

Harold Brown is a young author who has by an enthusiastic actor been persuaded to turn his successful novel into a play. His young wife is socially ambitious and gets into debt. Brown backs his own play and money matters become still more acute. The wife has an admirer and further believes that the leading lady in her husband's play has robbed her of his affections. Result, separation and a threatened divorce suit on her part.

In the final act Brown writes for the movies, makes his pile, the wife acknowledges her errors and the ultimate curtain sees them clasped once more in each other's arms. A pretty human story. But for two acts nothing happens and when the separation does come it is the result of hysteria and not a deep doubt founded upon anything very logical. The material is there but of anything suggesting clash or suspense there is nothing.

Delightfully engaging, natural and pleasing is Shelley Hull as Mr. Brown. His wife is equally well played by Phoebe Foster, charmingly ingenuous, sweetly pretty. But the author, for the sake of pathological verity, sacrifices the sympathetic quality of the past. Edward Abeles is amusingly realistic as the egotistic

actor, George Backus is a really dignified father and Burton Churchill expertly sets forth the breezy vulgarity of the movie picture magnate.

There is a capital bit contributed by Florence Johns as a stenographer and an equally well sketched bit by Helen Westley of a perfectly extraneous character. As the disturbing factor Blanche Duval, the actress, pert, common, but withal generous and really good of heart, Beatrice Noyes completely realizes Mr. Mapes' conception.

In his contrasts of character Mr. Mapes is at his best; they are not mere stogy differentiations. The differing qualities are the result of keen insight and expert delineation.

LYRIC. "THE INNER MAN." Play in three acts by Abraham Schomer. Produced on August 13 with this cast:

Dick Bolger	Wilton Lackaye
Jack Slapmore	Richard Tabor
Frank Kepper	Thomas A. Magrane
Mr. Raymond	Charles White
Mrs. Werrington	Grace Henderson
Mr. Werrington	Eugene Ormonde
Lina	Maud Hannaford
Elsie Bolger	Julie Herne
Hon. Wm. Elvin	Harry Davenport

THE INNER MAN" is a fairly interesting, if amateurish play. The interest, however, centers exclusively in the personality and skill of Wilton Lackaye. That dependable actor's interpretation of the rôle of "Devil Dick" Bolger simulates life in spite of the puppetization supplied by the author in lieu of a character.

It's very difficult in these parlous times to get much wrought up over the redemption of hardened criminals. The prologue of "The Inner Man" will perhaps appeal to the Mott Osborne fans, at least. It represents a meeting of a criminology society. After some tedious dull debate, an enthusiastic philanthropist wagers that he can reform the worst crook that ever happened.

"Devil Dick" becomes the subject of the experiment. He has spent his life in prison, as you might say, between drinks. He has abandoned his wife and child to take up with another woman with whom he works the badger game on the landlord's agent. The philanthropist reforms Dick by putting him in charge of a large charity fund, which the ex-criminal doles out to the needy. We presently find him explaining to a former partner in crime the struggle between man and the beast-in-man, a struggle which he himself is winning.

But Dick almost loses, after all. He says nothing about the deserted



Beatrice Warren, Shelley Hull and Phoebe Foster in "The Lasso" at the Lyceum



Julie Herne, Wilton Lackaye and Lillian Roth in "The Inner Man" at the Lyric



Photos White

David Torrence, Frederick Truesdell, Frank Goldsmith, Blanche Yurka, Isidor Marcell, Margaret Dale and Reginald Mason in "Daybreak" at the Harris

family and clings to the other woman. In Act III he comes, drunk, to burglarize the house of the philanthropist; but the man in him rises at the last moment, he comes to his senses and there is a final-curtain family reunion.

Maude Hannaford, as the other woman; Richard Tabor, as Dick's pal, and Harry Davenport, as the district attorney, did the other good acting besides that of Mr. Lackaye.

"The Inner Man" means well, but like so many other of our plays, before it finishes it has forgotten what it meant. We start out for regeneration dramatized, but we only get to low comedy and ancient melodrama.

ELTINGE. "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE." Comedy in three acts by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on August 15, with this cast:

Abe Potash	Barney Bernard
Mawruss Perlmutter	Alexander Carr
Rosie Potash	Mathilde Cottrelly
Ruth Perlmutter	Lottie Kendall
Keith MacDonald	George LeGuerre
Miss Cohen	Helen Sevilla
Robert Blanchard	Edward Mordant
Sam Pemberton	Frank Allsworth
Lionel Brandon	Willis Claire
Victor Curzon	C. Hooper Trask
Ralph Nevill	Jules Ferrar
An Actor	Robert Gibson
Rita Sismondim	Clara Joel
Mrs. Timson	Alice Endres
Vivian Haig	Jessie Dawe
Partington	Willis Claire
Harry	James F. Ayres
Casey	Joseph Stammers
J. J. Crabbe	Arthur Hurley
Samuel Feder	Stanley Jessup
Chauffeur	C. Hooper Trask
Policeman	Edgar Hill

IF the bucket is let down too often, the well is apt to run dry.

It's the same with plays. You can work a good idea to death.

Half a decade ago, "Potash and Perlmutter" made all New York chortle with glee. Charlie Klein's dramatization of Montague Glass' clever sketches of Hebraic life was a tremendous success. Mazuma poured into the managerial coffers like a mill stream.

The idea was too good to drop. So the following years we had a deluge of Potash and Perlmutter plays. The freshness of the first piece was gone, but the shows prospered, despite the labored efforts to keep alive this goose that laid the golden eggs.

But the fun begins to pall. The humor rings always the same note. Funny as Barney Barnard and Alexander Carr are, I found myself yawning long before the show was half over.

In meeting our old friends again we expected, of course, that there would be quarrels between the partners, that the wives would mix in, that their business venture would eventually suffer to the point of bankruptcy to be saved at the eleventh hour by some good angel—and I was not disappointed.

This time the worthy pair take a plunge in the film business. Why not? It is a natural outcome of the cloak and suit trade. As Perlmutter points out, was not William Fox a furrier, Jesse Lasky a tailor? Who are the big men of the trade to-day?

To furnish a seven-reel picture in which all the members of their families appear, Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter borrow \$50,000 from their bank. The picture is, of course, a dismal failure. To save the firm a new movie must be made. It must be a knockout, full of human interest, but above all a real vampire must have the star part.

She appears in the person of Rita Sismondim, admirably played by Clara Joel. The expenses are so enormous, however, that more money is required and is supplied by Blanchard, the vice-president of Potash and Perlmutter's bank who does it, however, more on account of the interest he has shown in Rita.

There are comical situations galore and in the second act the directing of a scene of the new film by Potash and Perlmutter is a scream. The inexperienced managers get into a lot of trouble owing to the jealousy of Mrs. Potash, but everything ends happily. The expected knockout is realized. The vampire turns out to be a real good woman in private life and is the savior of the firm.

Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr, whose characterizations are so familiar, repeat former successes.

However surfeited one may become in time by sheer dint of repetition of the amusing adventures of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter, one never can tire of the acting of Messrs. Bernard and Carr in the respective title rôles. Surely this is the very essence of good acting, this ability to so completely submerge their own identities in those of the grotesque business types they so successfully portray. Long after Mr. Montague Glass' sketches are forgotten their performances will remain among the most remarkable character impersonations seen on our stage.

Mathilde Cottrelly has very little to do, but she does it well. Clara Joel scored an immediate success as Rita Sismondim. The rest of the company is well balanced.

HARRIS. "DAYBREAK." Play in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Produced on August 14 with this cast:

Otway	Arthur Dennis
Dr. David Brett	David Torrence
Herbert Rankin	Reginald Mason
Tristano de la Casa	Frank Goldsmith
Arthur Frome	Frederick Truesdell
Edith Frome	Blanche Yurka
Hilda Stanton Browne	Margaret Dale
Carl Peterson	William B. Mack
Alma Peterson	Catherine Tower
Sullivan	Jack Grey

MODERN playwrights are still making valiant use of the element of dramatic surprise. The consequence is that if the critic tells the fable in lots a reader who turns subsequent theatregoer is robbed of his principal pleasure. Therefore I will not tell you too much in advance about "Daybreak," the new play in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, which now holds the boards at the Harris. It begins with a pantomimic scene. A wife steals home at five o'clock in the morning. A brute in every sense of the word, it is not unreasonable that this husband should regard the action as suspicious to say the least. Well, it later comes out that she went to visit a baby—her baby. Silence on her part opens upon another pardonable query who is the father. For once *cherchez la femme* gives way to *cherchez le papa*. It is not until the end of the second act that the answer is given. But that doesn't bring the story to an end, on the contrary, there is still another act that is finely replete with scenes that get over. A pistol shot by a wronged married man puts a quietus on the brute, and friend wife is privileged to take on a new one in the person of a good honorable doctor. The hypothesis on which the play is founded is somewhat difficult to accept but swallow that and stomach a lot of society chatter, perfectly extraneous but useful as padding, and there remains several well-trying scenes that any player would love to get his teeth into and chew up for all they are theatrically worth.

As the misunderstood wife Blanche Yurka shows refinement, a nice method and real emotional capacity. The brute is faithfully revealed in all his coarseness by Frederick Truesdell while William B. Mack is as effective as ever in "the rôle" he seems eternally destined to play. David Torrence as the doctor is excellent and Reginald Mason and Frank Goldsmith are eminently satisfactory. Catherine Tower acts convincingly as one of "the brute's" seduces.



From a portrait by Sarony

MAUDE ADAMS

For many years the greatest personal box office magnet in the theatre, Miss Adams will this season give her countless admirers throughout the country a chance to see her in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella"

THE PUPPETS ARE COMING TO TOWN

By ADA PATTERSON



THE Puppets are coming to town. Moreover, they are coming to the smartest theatre in town. Rehearsals have been in progress all summer, designers and mechanics have been at work for a year, to prepare the funny little folk for an engagement at the Little Theatre. Winthrop Ames has joined Tony Sarg as an impresario of the wee figures that ape the acts and stimulate the emotions of larger humans.

At a date not as yet determined in the autumn or early winter, a troupe of players, directed by fish cords instead of the voice of the stage manager, will take the stage whereon we have seen Norman McKinnel and William Gillette, Marguerite Clark and Ernest Glendinning. But no mute entertainment will the little folk offer. They will walk, and dance, will make love and fight duels, and will talk. Or you will think they are talking. Plays have been written, and others are being written, for their repertoire.

The engagement of The Marionettes as a part of the season's offering at the Little Theatre is a token of the renaissance of a dying art. Puppets there have been as long as entertainers of any kind have existed. Puppets were found in the mummy cases in Egypt. Goethe was inspired to write his "Faust" by watching a puppet performance of Dr. Johannes Faust, a play written for marionettes and that has outlived its contemporaries, for its age is 300 years. The Italian puppets were celebrated entertainers. London had its puppets. Paris likewise. Munich had development of puppet art so fine that that rich and artistic city built a puppet theatre.

But the art declined, for the reason that most arts decline. The public interest in it waned.



THEN Tony Sarg, the illustrator, known to London, to Paris, and New York, began playing with puppets. They amused him. Their quaintness made him laugh. He loved them, even as we love those who make us laugh. He enjoyed them as counter-irritant for days spent at the drawing board, making fun of celebrities, were they presidents or kings, actresses or princesses. Mr. Sarg, who is accounted an Englishman, though he was born in Central America, owned that goal of American sightseers in London, The Old Curiosity Shop. Visitors examined and bought curios downstairs, then climbed narrow, perilous stairs to see the room in which Little Nell, beloved of Dickens and his readers, died.

On the second floor Mr. Sarg worked at his cartoons, but he played at puppets. His fad was not allowed to remain his own. It spread about London. It became the smart thing to visit the puppet shows above The Old Curiosity Shop.

For four years he played with his puppets and smart London played with them. The war pall that is covering the world fell upon the puppets and their owner. Mr. Sarg brought his drawing boards and his funny little folk to New York. Here between his drawings he has continued his playing with puppets but, which happens with the intelligent, as he played he learned much about his playthings and improved them. he gave private showings of the little people in New York drawing rooms and in his own high studio in the Flatiron Building.

The famous Italian puppets had been operated

by eight strings. Mr. Sarg went on with his play work until he achieved a puppet whose complex movements required the manipulation of twenty-two strings. Most puppets are one foot high. The Sarg marionettes achieved the great puppet height of three feet. Other puppets have slid or hopped across the floor. To his are given measured tread, whether gay or stately.

It has been regarded as a necessary evil that



Tony Sarg pulls the puppet strings

puppets do not walk. The nearest semblance to that feat heretofore has been a slovenly stamping of both feet at once. The sound has been unpleasant and illusion-destroying. This inartistic feature of a marionette Mr. Sarg has obviated by covering the stage with velvet.

Heretofore the producers of puppet performances have taken the audiences into their confidence, for they have naively permitted the strings that control the movements of the little men and women to be clearly seen by the audience. Mr. Sarg hides these strings by stretching gauze curtain between the audience and the mimes and their directors. The curtain, of the finest gauze, is attached to a frame at the front of the stage.

Puppets are like animate actors in that their feet are often in their way. Their feet, so to speak, are their own stumbling blocks. Tony Sarg has given much attention to the feet of his little players. He has weighted them so that the operator can always be sure that the mummer's pedal extremities are on the floor where they belong, instead of in the air where obviously they do not belong.

The puppets of the past, even the most distinguished of them, have been angular as to movement. They have described angles instead of curves. Mr. Sarg's six years of study and experimentation have resulted in the members of his cast bowing, dancing, kneeling, kissing, menacing, cajoling, much as human beings do. The triumph of the Sarg puppets which New York will soon see, is their humanness. Marionettes have been classed hitherto as absurd, awkward little creatures as unlike human beings as Mme. Tussaud's wax works. Tony Sarg has aimed at perfection. He has reached unequalled human semblance.

Do not confuse the puppet we are to see with the Punch and Judy shows of your more or less vague memory. If you visited the last Actors' Fund Fair and wended your curious way to the booth maintained by the Actors' Order of Friendship, you probably paid five cents and passed behind the parted curtains to see the Punch and Judy show. Punch alternately coddled Judy and beat her, and in the end was himself removed from this vale of tears and torments. If it was your first Punch and Judy show you may have been puzzled as to how the tiny folk were manipulated. The god in the machine was a perspiring man who hid beneath the stage and moved the small figures about at will.



IF you are permitted to attend a puppet rehearsal you will meet Mr. Sarg at his studio in the Flatiron Building. He will cover the half finished cartoon on his drawing board, wipe his perspiring brow, give instructions to his office boy, clap on his hat and lead you across Fifth Avenue at Twentieth Street to what was once a great department store. There the ghosts of commerce yield to living marionettes. For the marionettes seem to live.

You sit before a stage six feet high, twelve feet wide and seven or more feet deep. In proportion to their height the Thespians under Mr. Sarg's direction have more room for the exposition of their art than do their human brothers and sisters. Mr. Sarg and his assistants climb to the double scaffolding above the stage. Two assistants are Miss Agnes Gilson and Miss Lillian Owen, Wellesley College graduates, teachers of manual training, with memories of recent experiences in amateur theatricals in college. Another assistant who climbs to the broad scaffolding to aid the master is Will Chambers, upon whom Mr. Sarg gravely bestows the distinction of being "an exceedingly clever puppeteer." For know you that the person who manipulates puppets is a puppeteer. When the production is made at the Little Theatre the force of three will be increased to seven. They must of necessity be agile, these seven, for their control of the strings will depend in part upon their ability to step quickly back and forth across the space between the scaffolding. Woe betide the performance, if a puppeteer, grown clumsy, falls to the stage!

A weary work, unless you love it, is the labor of the puppeteer. Weary and ingenuity taxing, and demanding undeviating concentration.

The puppeteer must have not only nimble hands and brain but a trained and obedient voice. For he must talk for the puppets. He must speak in their various characters.



The puppets sometimes attempt tragedy. This is a rehearsal of a death scene in which a puppet snake is the villain



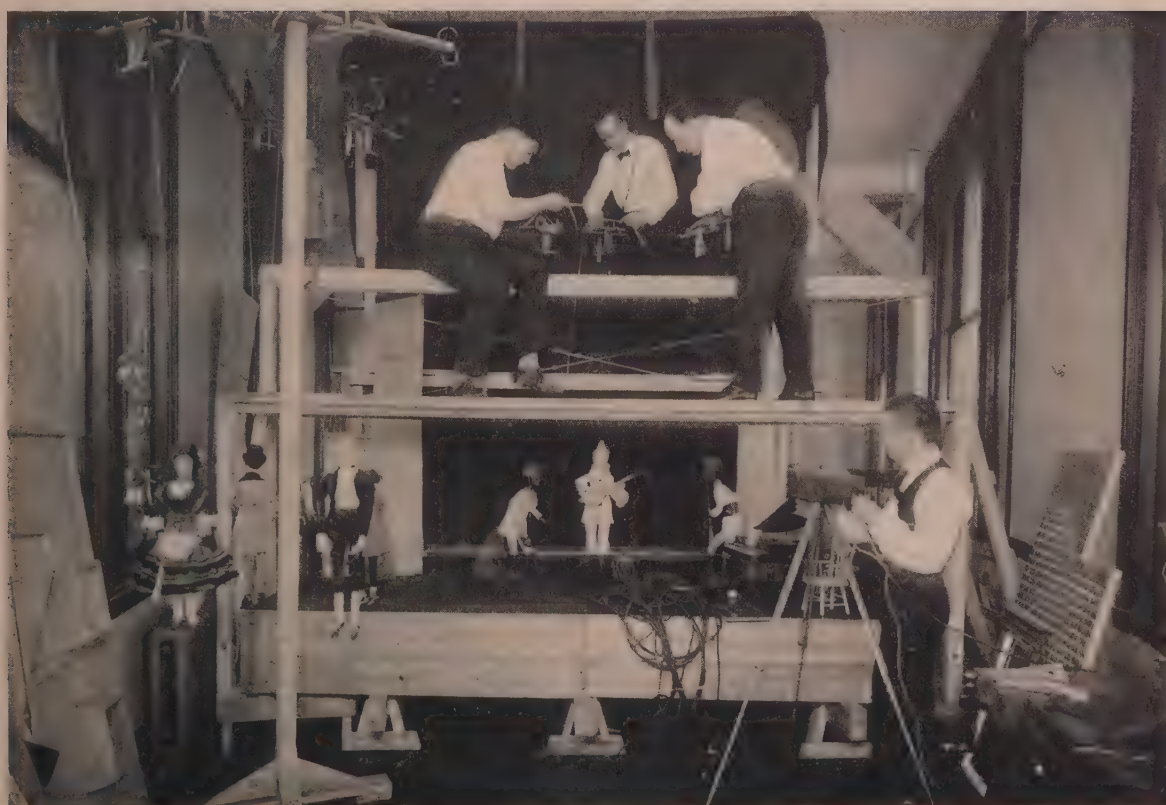
A puppet troubadour



A puppet pianist who displays much temperament



A puppet duet



Mr. Sarg and his assistants at a puppet rehearsal

THE STAGE HOLDS NO CARES FOR PUPPET PLAYERS

THE OUT OF DOOR DANCE

By MARION MORGAN



WITH the thrill of freedom pulsing through the veins of the world, the world's emotions to-day more than ever before, seek expression in the interpretive dance. Everybody dances nowadays, while in other times, when dancing was a feature of national gaiety, national expression, national life if you will—only a small paid class translated the national emotion into terms of the dance.

In general phrase we speak of the Greek dance as the parent of the free and graceful interpretive dance of to-day, because the Greeks have left us on imperishable frieze or in deathless sculpture the loveliest of all recorded dances; but it must not be forgotten that each of the older civilizations possessed and carefully cherished and carried along from generation to generation, its own traditional dance. Nor does the student of rhythmic motion forget that not captivity, not conquest by alien nations, not banishment and slavery erased from the national memory the rhythms and paces of the distinctive national dance whose motions and meanings seemed stamped upon the race memory—unforgotten and unforgettable.



OUR own America has lagged behind in the dance for good reasons. First, possibly, because of the puritanical prejudices of our pilgrim forefathers, but secondly and most markedly because we as a nation have been overoccupied with those interests natural to a young country. We have had a deep love of art—of all arts—but the day of creative leisure is yet red in the East for us. Inventions of utilities rather than creations of beauty have preoccupied the national mind. But if we have produced no Phidias, no Praxelites, neither did Greece produce an Edison to chain the lightning nor a Wright nor a Curtiss to conquer the ethers above the clouds.

And to-day, even with the wildest alarms of war ringing in our ears, we are more creatively artistic than ever before, and American painting, American sculpture, yes, and American dancing, are feeling out their wings and giving expression to their lofty vision, as never before. Especially is this true of the dance. Not that a distinctive American dance has as yet developed. Indeed, without doubt we are too big a country to express our national heart throb and dream in a single dance as did the Greeks, as do the smaller nations. For through every variant of the slav dance Russia speaks in the same sharp syllables of protest, as Spain's pride and languor breathes through each of the Basque, the Castilian and Andalusian dances we call "Spanish."

In our own country, we are developing a broad and beautiful school of dancing, and we are developing it largely under the soft benignant eye of Nature, that mother of us all, and that mother of the dance. Nature who sets all young things to dancing as soon as they find feet or wings to flutter upon. Our babies leap and dance in their mothers' arms before their little voices learn to crow; and the newborn child stirs restlessly to show its needs before it wails. Out of these earliest motions of life grows the dance. As the baby's first restive movements are "interpretive" so is the studied dance in its highest form Nature's own expression of feeling translated into terms

of plastic grace and beauty. With my own group of lovely American girls, I have learned the wider, deeper, higher rhythms of life, by transplanting the dance from the artificial indoor amusement, to the natural out-of-door freedom of physical expression. And I am glad to see out-of-door schools of dancing springing up on every side. Why should not our groves like the groves of Greece, be templed with lovely "gyms" sacred to the dance? We who dance are gradually drawing away from mere technical movements with no meaning above the action of the feet. Out-of-door dancing is rapidly becoming the pleasure and study of American girls. The freedom and exhilaration obtained through dancing in the open create new thought, emotions, desires and ideals to be portrayed in the dance; awaken the elemental in the individual where custom and restraint of years have bound and fettered, veneering the real, the strong, the natural.

Why should we not run, jump and leap when we are the better and stronger for obeying the demands of nature? Such movements necessitate proper unrestricted clothing when the lungs and heart are free to expand, the waist muscles pliant, the arms and neck free to express large harmonious movement, making one realize for the first time, perhaps, that we are just an atom of nature herself, part of the great Universal Plan in process of development—just as the plant life, which is our source and inspiration.

Through the dance, we can feel in harmony with the swaying trees, the soft earth, the winds that blow the hair, the immeasurable space beyond our one world, the planets that only give us a faint glimpse of the Infinite Power and Mind, of which we are but an atom in the Universal Plan.

So-called "interpretive dancing" is rapidly

becoming the pleasure and study of thousands. Throughout the country, through educational institutions, colleges and private schools, outdoor schools and camps, people of means and leisure have long recognized its value and their children have their private and class lessons regularly.

If the emotion is strong, elemental and sincere, the body expression of it will be in harmony with the impulse. To develop and guide these thoughts and emotions, to awaken the body to harmonious expression of them, is the work of an educator—not a dancing teacher. It is the soul of the individual which dances, not the feet. The idea should always be so much larger than the individual that the mere person would be submerged in giving expression to something infinitely more noble and larger than himself. Upon this fundamental I have based my work with "The Marion Morgan Dancers."



TECHNIQUE is essential as in giving perfect expression of the voice or causing a musical instrument to respond in exquisite harmony, but technique is merely a means to an end, as the alphabet in reading. It is the "ABC" of dancing, but it is not the dance. A proper appreciation of harmony of line, of sound, is essential, but they are merely tools—not the finished creative work. To develop charms, we are charming; to develop strong muscles, we do strong exercises; to develop any quality, we must do that which draws forth an expression of that quality. To develop spirituality, we must use spiritual means, not material. The thought will determine the expression of it. To give forth an exaltation of spirit, a moment of inspiration, to our material commercial people, one must be lifted far above the concrete surroundings into the idealistic abstract, the soul freed from conventionality, insincerity and self. This is not possible if the dancer is thinking of how much salary they should get or whether the costume is becoming.

Simple grace, great music, an atmosphere above the artificial and insincere, an ever increasing desire to attain perfection of mind, these are the stimulæ of the spiritual dance.

We are fast becoming an out-of-door people. We are going through a phase of new development, a back to Nature, or outdoor movement.

For some time now we have had municipal and private endeavors to help humanity through fresh air and space. Our municipal playgrounds and parks, our school-roof playgrounds where ground is not possible, our recreation piers built over the water which afford breathing space for the congested districts, municipal open air swimming plunges, and many other features of philanthropic effort to bring us into natural surroundings of Mother Nature. Colleges have their stadiums, where thousands witness their big events. A few companies of outdoor players have toured the country much like our Shakespearian players of England. The wonderful Greek theatre of the University of California, Berkeley, has long been a perfect amphitheatre amid ideal surroundings and the inspiration to many artists.

Now we have not only colleges but wealthy individuals who are building Greek or Italian open air

(Concluded on page 170)



Gentle

MARION MORGAN

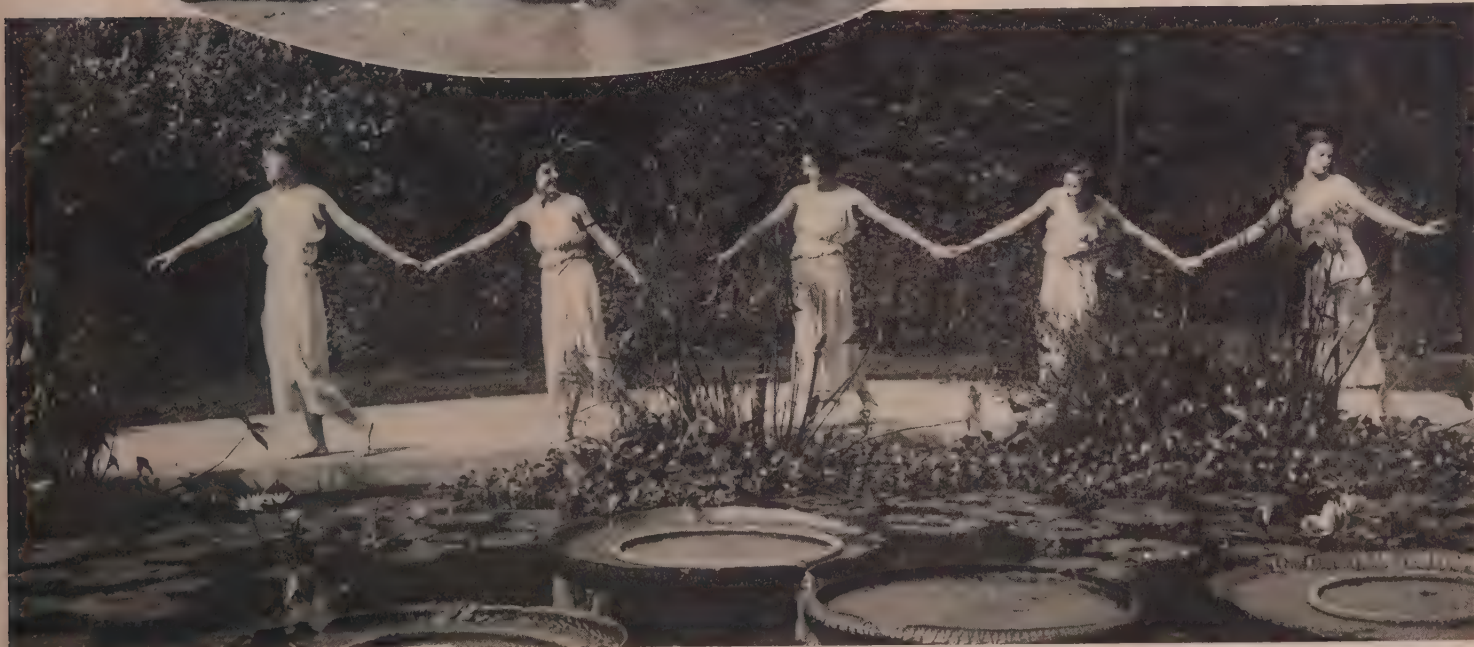
Whose dancing, with her lovely pupils, has been as enthusiastically received by society as it has by vaudeville audiences



© U & U
A study in flexions and reflections
taken at Prospect Park, Brooklyn



Nymphs at the Santa
Monica Canyon, California



© U & U
"Chaste and lovely like the lilies"—at play by the Lily Pond

MARION MORGAN'S DANCERS IN OUT-OF-DOOR POSES

THE PLAYERS' WORKSHOP OF CHICAGO

By ALICE GERSTENBERG



EVERY night for one week of every month automobiles line a dark street of low buildings once constructed for stores but since appropriated by artists for studios, and from these automobiles step men and women who have driven from long distances to enter a certain door darkly curtained. They join inside a crowd of people who have come from the immediate neighborhood or have travelled there on street-cars or trains. All are in every-day attire and are chatting without restraint.

Matsene

ALICE GERSTENBERG

Well-known writer and author of "Overtones," and a leading spirit in The Players' Workshop

cold, near the quaint stove that sends a stove-pipe the length of a ceiling, none too clean, it is red hot; those near the stove endure the heat with smiles for they have the box seats on the window platform once intended as a show-case and from there they have vantage ground of what is to be revealed when the soft brown curtains part at the other end of the room. On brown walls, otherwise suggestive of poverty, glow gems of stage designs rich in color and imagination.



THE lights go out. There is complete darkness. The stage lights slowly to reveal a set of mystery, of magic, of endless depth! Where and how can such space be possible, surely one knows the stage is small! The answer is the secret of the artists experimenting divinely in this laboratory called the Players' Workshop at East 57th Street, Chicago.

The Workshop began its activities on the tenth of June, 1916, and a year later finds itself the molding wax of one hundred active members who have paid a five-dollar initiation and continue to pay a dollar a month for two seats at every monthly bill. The active members are players and playwrights, amateur or professional, desiring to experiment, scenic artists wanting to experiment, and the associate members are friends to the cause who pledge themselves to purchase two tickets every month at the rate of fifty cents apiece. They are entitled to guest tickets at fifty cents apiece but the public at large, not having a monthly guarantee, is charged one dollar for one ticket. In this way the box-office receipts made possible the expenditure of two thousand dollars for rent, light, and the cost of materials for ten programs, or in other words, made possible the first production of 31 original one-act plays (by Chicago writers) in ten months. Many of these deserve further production in commercial theatres; some are now under negotiation.

The most interesting leap from amateur writer of no experience to *arrivé* was made by Elisha Cook. His play "No Sabe," on the March bill, was not only much better than his first attempt,

produced in October, but so much better, that it is now scheduled for vaudeville. And for this swift growth in knowledge of stage-craft Mr. Cook thanks the Workshop for all that is not due his own perseverance and latent talent.



IT is easy to understand why the Workshop should appeal to writers and players and artists in need of a place in which to experiment but not quite so obvious the interest that a certain portion of the public takes in paying for the entrance privilege of being "tried out upon." Perhaps our audiences are good gamblers and are rewarded by a thrill of surprise when now and then a play is very worth while. Also they are friends and relatives of the participants and come through duty or friendship but it takes more than these to make steady box-office receipts. The great majority of the audiences supporting the Little Theatres all over the country are not the people who attend the moving-pictures, the vaudevilles and the musical comedies. They are the people who have almost stopped going to theatres because they did not find satisfaction. But they crave drama none the less and are gravitating to the small theatres to find new inspiration. In the Workshop they admire sincerity, simplicity, and the joy of creation.

The seed of this organization was not put into the ground artificially. It was deep in the soil waiting only for a little care and sunshine to bring it forth. Given that it has blossomed, not like a hot house flower, under glass, but with all the virility of a wild flower in the free open country.

Without endowment, without solicitation for gifts, without much advertising, the Players' Workshop has existed for a year on the strength of its workers and the box-office receipts of a satisfied public. And still more unique is the Workshop's desire to grow firmly if slowly without endowment, without gifts, except those that come as an overflowing of devoted hearts. The fact that the Workshop has many times made that magic and stimulating answer "sold out" is ample proof of the Shop's right to existence, and the conviction that it is a wild flower to be conserved as truly native to our soil.



ELIZABETH BINGHAM, who turned her studio into a theatre laboratory, is the pivot around which these various elements rotate. She stands centre, strong with faith, watching the merry-go-round of prancing players, timid or cock-sure playwrights, flaming artists and paying audiences. In her wise and generous desire to keep an open door to the Workshop so it may be accessible to all who need it, lies its strength. Through that open door pours the talent of the city; every month more and more speak of "our" Workshop, recognizing in it not the handiwork of one individual but the enthusiastic expression of many.

The programs for the year were as follows: JUNE—"Brown," by Maxwell Bodenheim and William Saphier. Stage setting by J. Blanding Sloan. Produced by Lou Wall Moore. "The Home Coming" and "The Wonder Hat," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. "Ten Minutes," by Owen Taft, Jr. Last three produced by Clarence Thomas.

JULY—"Pierrot in the Clear of the Moon." A

pantomime by Gretchen Riggs. Setting by Sloan. "An Idyll of the Shops," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Goodman. "A Man Can Only Do His Best," by Kenneth Goodman. "The Red Flag," by Kenneth Goodman. Last three produced by Clarence Thomas; first by Mrs. Riggs.

AUGUST—Repetition of June bill in the garden of Mrs. Erich Gerstenberg.

SEPTEMBER—"The Hero of Santa Maria," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Goodman. Setting by Sloan. "Dregs," by Ben Hecht. Stage setting by Sloan.

OCTOBER—"Civilization," by Elisha Cook. "Snow-White," by Marie L. Marsh. "The War Game," by Alice Gerstenberg and Rienzi de Cordova. Setting by Sloan.

NOVEMBER—"The Magnet," by Mary Corse. "The Man," by Oren Taft, Jr. "The Pot-Boiler," by Alice Gerstenberg.

DECEMBER—"An Idyll of the Shops" and "Snow-White," repeated with "The Lullaby," by Louise Hubbard added.

JANUARY—"Poet's Heart," by Maxwell Bodenheim. Setting by Sloan. "The Children of Tomorrow," by Maude Moore-Clement. "How Very Shocking!" by Julian Thompson. Setting by Sloan.

FEBRUARY—"Mrs. Margaret Calhoun," by Ben Hecht and Maxwell Bodenheim. Setting by Sloan. "Skeletons Out of the Closet," by Elisha Cook. "You Can't Get Away From It," by Frederick Bruegger. Setting by Sloan.

MARCH—"Rumor," by Frederick Bruegger. Setting by Sloan. "Out of the Dark," by Donovan Yeuell. "Tonsils," by Marie L. Marsh. "No Sabe," by Elisha Cook. Settings by Chas. P. Larsen.

APRIL—"Where But in America!" "Banbury Cross," by Frederick Bruegger. Setting by Sloan. "Beyond," by Alice Gerstenberg. Setting by Sloan. Japanese Pantomime by Gretchen Riggs. Setting by Larsen.



PLANS for the new season are taking shape, greatly influenced by the geographical divisions of Chicago. The "Players' Workshop" is situated so far South that the North Side enthusiasts feel the necessity of a workshop nearer home and Elisha Cook is now issuing pamphlets to concentrate a neighborhood audience in the North Side "Play Shop."

This is to be run with the same "open door" policy, to give the widest possible field for original and creative work, although a little more ambitious, inasmuch as Chicago writers will be preferred but not to the exclusion of playwrights submitting from the world at large.

The mailing address for the "Play Shop" is 4030 Clarendon Avenue, Chicago. The location for the theatre, to be near East Ohio or East Division Streets, is still under consideration; it may be a new building or an old stable remodeled but delay in the mere matter of construction will not prevent the eager members from producing the first bill in September under any available roof.

Chicago is still hot iron in the fashioning and glows red with burning ambitions to achieve. The years have twisted it many ways on the dramatic anvil and no doubt the future has more tortuous shapes in store, but the Players' Workshop and the Play Shop are none the less monumental expressions of Chicago's faith.



Photos Florence Hendershot

An unusual setting for "Mrs. Margaret Calhoun" by Ben Flecht and Maxwell Bodenheim



Scene in "The War Game" by Alice Gerstenberg and Rienzi de Cordova



"Pierrot in the Clear of the Moon"—a pantomime by Gretchen Riggs

STRIKING SCENES IN THE PLAYERS' WORKSHOP PRODUCTIONS

DO PLAYERS SELDOM MARRY?

By BILLIE BURKE AND WILTON LACKAYE



UNTIL an actress has known the joys of wifehood and motherhood her emotional education is incomplete, the full meaning of her life has not been realized. Marriage will refresh her womanhood, amplify her art, expand her power of artistic expression. Theatrical marriage has its failures, but these fortunately are far outnumbered by its successes. There are storm clouds as well as sunshine in most married lives, but the sun keeps on shining behind the clouds. With mutual faith, loyalty and forbearance, the adjustment of balances may always be reached.

The question whether an actress should marry presents no vexatious problem. Yet it has been seriously raised and gravely discussed as if the actress must be classed as an abnormal specimen of her sex.

Actresses are just women after all. They live and love and suffer and are made glad, like every member of the great sisterhood of womankind whether she be duchess or dairy-maid, society leader, shop-girl, or scrub-woman. We are all the same under the skin, swayed by the same emotions, the same longings, the same hopes and fears, the same feminine instincts, intuitions and impulses.



AN actress is a woman, first, last and all the time. Just because she has been endowed with some special gifts, mental, physical, temperamental, that qualify her for stage achievement, there is no reason why she should be pinned under a microscope for curious examination, as if she were some rare specimen of human butterfly.

This is an era of woman's work in many spheres of activity—of independent thought and individual achievement in the arts and sciences and learned professions, as well as the humbler, but not more self-sacrificing fields of usefulness. But every woman pursues the eternal quest for love, for sympathy, for understanding, for happiness, and in her heart is the great, holy yearning for motherhood.

This is just as true of the actress who has tasted the sparkling cup of success and achieved fame, and been petted and fêted and idealized, as it is true of the glorious little grey mouse of a mother unknown outside the narrow domestic and community life of a small environment. God bless and protect all mothers!

Love is inevitably the great compelling force that inspires and makes possible the happy and enduring marriage. Love has been the theme of poet and philosopher for ages, and still remains the insolvable mystery. It is idle in this connection to speculate upon its birth, its growth, its enduring vitality, or its premature decay. But there is one point that should be emphasized. No woman can better appreciate all that marriage means in its best and truest sense than the woman of the stage. And no woman has less temptation to seek matrimony from sordid motives of selfishness or convenience. The actress is an absolutely independent wage-earner, and better compensated than the great majority of women who make their own livelihoods. She need not marry for money, or social position, for these are her natural possessions.

The private lives of stage folk, as well as their artistic undertakings, are unhappily embellished with much misleading fiction. And if a theatrical marriage barge does go on the rocks,

the catastrophe is magnified as being typical, instead of exceptional.

A fierce light of publicity beats constantly upon the stage. Too often it magnifies and distorts the very human, but quite innocent and harmless motives and acts of its people.

Most unfortunate, too, is the tendency to classify as an "actress" every girl who has just stepped inside the stage door, and many a one who has not even progressed that far. Because she may have gained a remote, indefinite, or temporary identification with some form of public amusement, it does not logically follow that she is an actress. It is not quite fair, therefore, to sensationalize her mistakes or her misfortunes.

Many women of the stage, of greater or less distinction, have married and given up their careers to settle down as devoted wives and happy mothers. That was their unquestioned right and privilege. They are to be found foremost in good works, in gentle charities, in patriotic deeds, in everything that typifies devotion to home and country. They are justly honored, loved, respected in their chosen spheres of usefulness.

But there is no reason why marriage should necessarily compel an actress to forego her career. An actress who has the gift of swaying the emotions of an audience, of compelling the tribute of tears, or of moving the public to joyous merriment, cannot always be satisfied to set aside her whole career, in the work that she loves, simply because she has married.

No purely material advantages can satisfy the longings for artistic expression that well up in the heart of such a woman if she possesses the divine spark of inspiration and has known success. No man who really loves her will demand that supreme sacrifice.

In marriage, the most intimate, sacred and exacting of all partnerships, there must be the broadest sympathy and understanding—the utmost harmony of tastes and interests—the mutual striving toward kindred objectives. The inspirational forces must co-ordinate, or chaos threatens.

If an actress has found in her vocation that which appeals to every fibre of her being, she may well continue to follow it without disloyalty to her obligations to home, husband and children. It has been done, and will be done again.

This is an urgement, not an apology, for theatrical marriages. Every woman on the stage should marry when she finds the man she loves—and the greater will be her joy if that man is related to her own profession. A couple so mated will understand each other, and mutual understanding and unity of purpose constitute the keynote in the enduring arch of perfect marriage.

BILLIE BURKE.



MR. LACKAYE'S VIEWS

THE profession of marriage is entirely unknown to the actor. There was a time, not so long ago, when everybody seemed to have a mania to marry Nora Bayes. There have always been epidemics about this time, that have attacked the health and happiness of stage beauties.

I cannot entirely agree with the suggestion that actors seldom marry. We have some distinguished evidences to the contrary. Marriage, is

not necessarily a habit with actors, but I believe there are very few actors who are not married, or hope to be. I remember being cornered one day by a newspaper man, who presented me with a formidable list of typewritten questions, which of course he expected me to answer. Some of them I have heard before, most of them he had used before with other people whom he was obliged to meet.

"What do you consider is the best line you ever spoke?" he asked me.

Being happily married, I told him that the best line I had ever spoken was: "Alice Evans, will you be my wife?"

I have often wondered why the world should not be quite as interested in the opinions of a cook, or a grocer about marriage, as it seems to be in the opinions of an actor. The cook is certainly quite as useful to the world in his career as an actor, and I am sure he is often more useful to himself. But nobody seems to care whether the cook is romantic, or whether the grocer marries for love.



THAT is a great question which stirs the curiosity when an actor marries.

"Did he marry her for love, or did he marry her for money?" In my wide acquaintance with actors and actresses I am convinced that the actor marries for love. So do some painters, grocers, so do policemen, firemen, janitors, and other useful human beings. The reason I pick upon the cook or the plumber as a symbol of a sincere endeavor to clear the actor of his reputation for illicit romance, is because they are equally practical. The business of acting, like the business of plumbing is becoming more or less humanized. We may not realize that the plumber, in his working clothes, can have any attraction for the opposite sex, and we do realize that there may be lure in a juvenile lead, who makes love to a beautifully dressed young woman in such a way that the girls all envy her, and the men all pity her. Many a true heart beats under the lead-stained jacket of the honest plumber. Appearances are deceptive. Many a game leg is hidden behind the creased pair of trousers. So actors marry for love, just as plumbers do when they get the chance. And, I think that the chances are rather in favor of the plumber, because though he rests nearly all the time, he is not so often out of a job.

I hate to impose the dreaded question of economics into a subject so tender and sentimental as that of marriage, but it has been my observation that a great many attractive and beautiful women, make a profession of marriage. It so happens that young women are brought up with the sole object of getting married. Young men study law, or medicine, or high finance, or pool, but young ladies seem to have but one great profession open, and that is marriage. It is a mighty hard profession too, because there is much technique in it. It is a profession which is based largely on finance. Once the young woman succeeds in attracting a man with money, she marries him if she can. If she can't, there are others who will respond to her professional skill. Her professional success is accomplished when she marries. Then follow disappointments, relations that are uncomfortable, and possibly divorce. However, regarding the question of divorce, which we in America have been accused of more



From a portrait by Sarony

GRACE VALENTINE

A leading rôle in "Lombardi, Ltd.," a new play by the Hattons, is Miss Valentine's plum from the new season's theatrical pie. This sympathetic and talented young player will appear at the Morosco about the middle of September

than any other nation, it seems to me that as the women have become more expert in the profession of marriage this business of divorce is becoming less active. The ladies who make a profession of marriage are equal to an endurance test, that few men could endure. They will continue to live year in and year out in exquisite unemotional relations with a man who contributes nothing to their lives but the clothes on their back, and the home trimmings with a garage attached.

The profession of marriage has been entirely neglected by the actor. He marries for love, and if that fails him, he marries again for love, there is no definite limitations to his continual search for ideal conditions. He believes in marriage.

Actors marry often, not seldom. Those who marry seldom, are the happy marriages, the one husband and one wife affair, with no stop-over on the matrimonial journey.

Marriage to an actor is sometimes difficult, because should he marry out of the profession, he is likely to be misunderstood by his wife. If she happens to be the daughter of a rich but worthy unknown, she cannot understand how he can hold the leading lady in his arms every evening, and her too after the performance. It does look suspicious on the face of it, and it has been the cause of much misunderstanding. For this reason perhaps I think there are more stage villains happily married, than stage heroes. When a man has spent his whole evening committing the most dastardly crime, in a most cold-blooded way, he

wants to restore himself to the decent laws of society, which the playwright has compelled him to violate. He wants to look into the clear, honest eyes of his beautiful wife, and be real sure that he is not the scoundrel the audience has taken him to be. The stage villain is the happiest of all married men, he is good and kind. He may be a bad actor, but he is a wonderful husband. However good actors make the best husbands.

The hero of the play, if he happens to be married, however, is the man who has my sympathy. After a night of passionate emotion with a being more beautiful than any wife could ever look like at home, he reaches his domestic hearth convinced that he loves his wife more than ever. But, she still has in her mind's eye the picture of that great love scene in the third act, and no matter how sensible and convincing his adoration for her may be, she is thinking of that love scene.

These are merely suggestions of what the public thinks of actors who are married, not what the actors think themselves.

What the actor thinks about marriage is, that he loves the girl he marries, that she loves him, and that they are both becoming or should be, economically independent.

Actors should marry actresses, then there is no confusion of feeling through misunderstandings of their work. An actor knows if he marries an actress that she is not dependent on him. He knows that she can leave him at any time, should he fail to hold her through the delicate

ties of love. They are economically independent. There is no need for them to make a profession of marriage.

A young bachelor friend of mine, an actor, was being congratulated upon his forthcoming marriage.

"You are going to be very happy, Jack?" I asked, amiably.

"I expect to be, I am marrying an actress," he replied.

"Well, it's the finest thing in the world," I said to him.

There is nothing so comforting to a man's work as an artist, than the marriage state. At night, after the performance, you go to your home, after a bit of supper. You might put on your smoking jacket, your slippers, you light your pipe, you settle comfortably into an easy chair to rest. Then suddenly you remember that your wife is playing somewhere in Milwaukee, and you send her a wire asking her how she is doing.

He winced a little at the picture, but it is the usual one among actors and actresses who are happily married. Long separations are, of course, hard to endure, but endurance is one of the most important elements of marriage, on the stage or off.

Comic opera comedians make the worst husbands—and oftenest.

Any audience at a musical show can tell you why.

They lack a sense of humor.

FRANK CRAVEN -- COMEDIAN -- PLAYWRIGHT



IF you want a laugh-in-every-other-line comedy address Mr. Frank Craven, Craven Corners, Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.

"It may not be very good, but it won't be terrible," is the guarantee the young author gives of his output. The public displays greater enthusiasm. To three sketches, variously named, but including "April Showers" it gave welcome. His farce comedy, "Too Many Cooks," that is in its fifth year and its third phase, having passed through metropolitan and road success, to stock and to the gateway of motion pictures, was greeted as a liverish world greets a spring tonic.

"This Way Out," which opened August 20, is his second play. Of it he made the promise quoted. Agreeing with the great majority of doers and lookers-on in stageland, he believes that every new play is pursued by a huge, shadowy question mark. The author can be reasonably sure only that his brain offspring will not be "terrible."

Behold in Mr. Frank Craven, of Craven Corners, a stage child that came to no bad end but to a prosperous middle of life. Led upon the stage when he was three years old, his one line being a complaisant "Goo! Goo!" and his exit being a violent attack of colic, he is at thirty-five one of the best comedians on the American stage and an author not merely of promise, but of promise fulfilled.

"Too Many Cooks," a comedy built upon a young bridegroom's efforts to build a house to please his bride, himself and all their relatives-in-law, has yielded him a profit which has taken the substantial form of a picturesque home at Great Neck, Long Island. It stands, of English aspect and somewhat isolated, at Elm's Point. Neighbors, at a respectful distance, are Jane Cowl, George M. Cohan, Sam Harris and Raymond Hitchcock.

"And there's a little left," our host admits to callers at Craven Corners, with the grin of the man who is more than content with what life has granted him.

Life has been generous to Frank Craven, aside from the rich comedy gift evinced in his rôles of actor and playwright. Its greatest gift, he will tell you, with that sobering of expression that comes to a man when he faces the big realities, is his wife.

"Mary is a great woman," he will remark as he saunters about Craven Corners, hands in his pockets, a smile in his eyes. "She has the quality my mother had. She knows a play. My mother used to see a try-out play and come home and predict,—correctly—its fate. Mary can do the same. One season we saw twenty-eight plays and she was right about all but three."

The story of Mr. Craven's latest play is one of which Mary Craven is the heroine. As the actress Mary Blythe, before her marriage, she had been known for her breezy, vigorous style. In her capacity as Frank Craven's wife and voluntary general manager those qualities again became apparent. Her husband discovered a story, "Nothing But the Truth," in a popular magazine, that contained the germ of a comedy plot. Mrs. Craven said: "Certainly, there is a play in it and you are going to write it."

Mr. Craven harbors the delusion that he is lazy, but he entertains no such fancy about his wife. She told Manager Fred Zimmerman about the story.

"Good! Tell him to write it and I'll produce it," was the message that came quickly by way of Mrs. Craven. To which she added: "And now, Frank, go to work. I'm going to be the agent. I've declared myself in on this."

Her spouse was playing the worried young man who had to get married in "Seven Chances." He

observed that he had trouble enough without writing a play. When he saw her look of disappointment he said: "Well, I'll get to work on the title anyway." "Nothing But the Truth" was discarded because of a previous story and play by that name. "Needles and Pins" was chosen but abandoned because there was once an English play by that name.

"Meanwhile, Mary, the heroine, meeting Mr. Zimmerman, would answer his eager managerial questions with 'Yes, he's at work.' She lied for me, then she'd come home and bullyrag me to get to work," is his report. But he hadn't gotten farther than the title when an heir arrived at Craven Corners. That the author who says he is lazy but whose assertion no one believes, says he hailed as a new excuse for not getting to work at the play.

"I really am stuck for a title," he said.

"There's a way out of it," returned his relentless spouse.

"There is and you've said it."

"What?"

"This Way Out." So it was christened and the christening over, the actor set speedily to work to bring forth his play.

He has but one recipe for a play. "If you have fun writing it the audience will probably have fun seeing it." That is all. If you talk ponderously to him of technique his boyish blue eyes twinkle and his mouth takes on a double whimsical curve.

"I wouldn't know a technique if I met it coming up Broadway," he says. "I don't know how to write a play. I suppose it's like telling a story. The man who can tell a story well, and get all the points in, and hold the interest of his hearers, is writing a play."

Of a theatrical family, son of John G. Craven and Ella Mayer, both of the old Castle Square Stock Com-

(Concluded on page 170)



Craven Corners, the picturesque home of Frank Craven at Great Neck, Long Island



Photos Press Ill.

The bedroom, the furniture of which is as English as the exterior of the house itself

WHERE AN ACTOR-PLAYWRIGHT SEEKS REST AND RECREATION

SISTER TEAMS IN VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



SOMEWHERE in Webster's it is recorded, firstly, that a "sister is a female who has the same parents as another person" and, secondly, she is "a woman closely allied to, or associated with, another person, as in faith, social relations, etc."

And somewhere in the theatrical dictionary it is promulgated that a sister team is composed of two women closely allied to, or associated with each other by partnership arrangement for the purpose of stage exploitation and profit. That they should be born of the same parents is a matter of lesser importance and would be the occasion of greater surprise.

Nevertheless, sisters in fact and not in fiction constitute the mainstay of vaudeville for the current month. The summer crop has been exceptionally bountiful and ranks in importance in its own particular sphere of influence with the nation's corn product in the larger field of endeavor.

The harvest of sister teams includes the delectable Dolly dancers by divine right and permission of A. H. Woods; Nellie and Sara Kouns, daughters of social prominence and concert singers of ability; the Barr Sisters, late of the Century Theatre, and associated with Lew Brice in a singing and dancing divertissement; Helen Trix and sister, the latter a dancer and singer fresh from a convent; the Ford Sisters, Mabel and Dora, of the famous family of dancers, with Henry Marshall; the Wright Girls, with Lew Reed, another dancing combination and others whose names would swell this list to voluminous proportions.



SISTER SUSIE may be sewing shirts for soldiers but it looks very much as if Sisters Rosie and Jennie, Nellie and Sara, Helen and Josephine and Mabel and Dora were busy making hay while the vaudeville sun shines and they are still on speaking terms.

Not only are these girls genuine, honest-to-goodness sisters but at least two and possibly more of the teams are twins and three pairs look so much alike from the audience's side of the footlights that it is necessary for them to wear distinguishing beauty marks on some conspicuous location that the spectator may know that he is not seeing double.

Curiously enough all but one of the sister teams enumerated are dancers although most of them combine singing with their offerings. Still, on reflection, it isn't so strange that they should be dancers for dancing dominates most vaudeville bills these days, neither the war nor the hot weather having an apparent effect. The spectacle recently of five dancing acts on the same programme at the Palace attests to the truth of this.

Entertainers of the eminence of the Dolly Sisters are expected by their fashionable following to constantly produce novelties, so the occasion of their re-appearance in vaudeville, limited though it be by the interval between the closing of "His Bridal Night" and the opening of a new production for them by Mr. Woods, was no exception. This time their principal accessory was a female jazz band composed of six colored girls who first assisted them as maids in dressing in view of the audience, and later assumed their more conspicuous rôles. Ultra costumes made of the Dollys' return the real fashion show of the season and this combined with their terpsichorean skill made their performance in vaudeville one of surpassing charm and achievement.

Looking as much alike as proverbial peas, the Barr Sisters, twins, who first came into metropolitan notice at the Century Theatre last season and have more recently been doing cabaret work, with Lew Brice, former husband and partner of Muriel Worth and brother of Fanny Brice, contribute a singing and dancing skit which the program lends impressiveness to by ascribing the music to Dave Kaplan, the lyrics to Arthur J. Jackson and the staging to Mr. Brice. A special stage setting also adds distinction.



A YEAR or so ago society débutantes in Chicago and daughters of the late Charles Kouns, general manager of the Santa Fé Railroad, Nellie and Sara Kouns, soprano singers of rare ability and distinctive personal charm, reverse the time-honored story of the press agent about being "discovered" in a cabaret or obscure Western theatre and "rescued" from din or squalor. Instead they came from an atmosphere of refinement and artistry which they have successfully transplanted to the vaudeville stage under the inspiration furnished by Martin Beck, managing director of the Orpheum Circuit who first heard them in concert.

Authoress, lyric writer, songstress and enthusiast are some of the descriptive adjectives which may be applied to Helen Trix, who has augmented her offering by bringing her little sister Josephine from a convent to aid and abet her in providing entertainment. As it is to be expected under the circumstances the younger Miss Trix does not equal her more experienced sister in stage poise and deportment but otherwise measures up fully to requirements and under the latter's excellent tutelage will in due time become more mature in her art.

While on the subject of sister acts it doesn't seem at first glance appropriate to mention Jack Norworth and Lillian Lorraine in that connection, still retrospection of their performance encourages the thought that after all such a heinous offense would not be committed by such reference. If there ever were two entertainers better suited to each other in talents and temperaments they have yet to make their presence noted on the variety boards, and as for *esprit de corps*, well it isn't possible for real sisters to behave so well towards each other and mean it.



ANOTHER thing his happy combination impresses on the onlooker is that Miss Lorraine no longer has to depend on her beauty or gowns although she possesses more of both than should be one woman's allotment on earth. Whether or not it was study, long rest or Mr. Norworth's recognized ability as a coach is still a matter of conjecture but the fact is Miss Lorraine's reappearance was a very pleasant surprise. Heretofore the former "Follies" star's principal claim to distinction has been her feminine charms supplemented by her ability to wear clothes, but she sacrificed both of these for art to appear as a bedraggled scrub woman when in the parlance of the varieties she literally "cleaned up."

And as for Mr. Norworth, while the material of his numbers suggested songs in favor with former partners, he was decidedly in his best singing mood and furnished plenty of food for comment for the Palace regulars.

Donald Brian of the comic opera stage in colorful tights, a braided form-fitting Hussar jacket

and an ostrich-plumed helmet, and backed by the scenery and accessories of a girl-and-music production, is not the same Donald Brian of the vaudeville. There is as much difference between them as there is difference of opinion between Chairman Denman and General Goethals over the merits of wooden and steel ships.

Undoubtedly Mr. Brian's popularity in the two-a-day suffered from the lack of appeal of his vehicle, Robert Mears MacKay's "Somewhere in Mexico," which first saw the light of day at a Lambs' Gambol, for as the American aviator who sacrifices his brother and himself for his country, he doesn't add any laurels to his reputation as an actor. This playlet done at the time of the Mexican excitement rather than now when the attention is focused on the real war might have fared better, but the theme is altogether too belated.



UNTIL a more advantageous sketch can be obtained for him, one with a love interest preferred which can be planted and played in less than half an hour, Mr. Brian will find two-a-day audiences strangely unresponsive.

John Sainpolis as Villa and Roy Fairchild as the traitorous brother discharged their obligations competently. Mr. Fairchild has in more instances than one while playing in support of a legitimate actor in vaudeville helped materially to "put acts over" and it is to be hoped will one of these days fix upon a playlet worthy of elevating himself to at least the feature class in the varieties.

The fate of Mr. Brian's effort only goes to emphasize the oft-repeated admonitions made in these columns that legitimate actors exercise the greatest care in first determining the sailing qualities of their craft before embarking on the tumultuous sea of vaudeville.

Another storm warning was sounded recently by Hassard Short, an actor of standing in the \$2 production ranks, but hopelessly adrift in the farcical concoction "The Ruby Ray" by Maurice Hennequin. Outside of an artistic drapery forming the setting this sketch had little to commend it. Deriving its name from a cocktail which three of the four characters quaffed to various degrees of supposed inebriety, "The Ruby Ray" offered one explanation of why the prohibition movement has gained such momentum in this country. Further than that its function was nil.

Another legitimate artist of the month in the varieties was Rose Coghlan with a sketch of decidedly military flavor, a study in mother love and a surprise finish, three factors contributing towards success. "The Deserter" is the title of her vehicle which was the brain child of Willard Mack and Thomas F. Fallon, and its adoption by vaudeville audiences was due in a large measure to Miss Coghlan's histrionic skill.

A seventeen-year-old boy whose paternal ancestors had ocured themselves to their country enlists in the navy without the knowledge or consent of his mother. He returns home a self-confessed coward and deserter and the mother is torn between conflicting emotions. In the end she upbraids him for his cowardice and demands he return to his ship. An officer friend of the family calls in search of the boy and the mother secrets him. The son, however, gives himself up and then it is disclosed that he isn't a deserter after all but had merely entered into this plan with the officer in the effort to win his mother's necessary consent to continue as a bluejacket.

Lumière

FARR TWINS

Who made their vaudeville début with Lew Brice. They were formerly at the Century Theatre



Apeda

DOLLY SISTERS

Stars of the legitimate stage, these well-known players, as alike as the Siamese twins, are now lending their talents to Variety



NELLIE AND SARA KOUNS

Daughters of a Western railroad official whose success as concert singers, won them recognition in vaudeville

TALENTED SISTERS GIVE NOVELTY TO VAUDEVILLE

BERNHARDT'S VISION OF VICTORY

By HELEN TEN BROECK



I SHALL never forget the first time I saw Sarah Bernhardt. A reluctant, protesting child martyr, I was being dragged through the Louvre by a French governess bound and bent upon giving my infant American mind a correct leaning toward art. At the foot of a broad stairway whose majestic upward sweep, even to my infant eye, was splendidly noble, Mademoiselle seized my elbow. "Look, American child," she hissed "*c'est Sarah!*", and floating down the stairs, (floating is the only word to describe her progress), I beheld a vision in a bluey-green gown clinging and long, and trimmed with wide bands of deep colored golden fox fur. The eyes of the woman, her hair and the tawny fur she wore all had the same look of deep red gold, as she approached the "American child" whose eyes were glued upon the vision silhouetted against the background of that epic in marble, the Winged Victory, which stood at the top of the staircase like a benignant goddess of conquest.

From that day to this I never see the "Winged Victory" which, of course, is as much a feature of every actress' flat as is the box couch or the refrigerator, without a vision of a stained glass Sarah, all green and violet and blue with the wide spreading pinions of a Samothrace as a background.



HALF an hour ago, I chatted with Mme. Bernhardt and all our talk was of winged victory—the victory of France, whose sweeping, sweeping pinions are plumed this moment for conquering flights.

"Is it not wonderful—is it not prophetic, is it not of the very substance and spirit of France," cried Sarah, "that the miracle of the twentieth century should work for her the miracle of victory over the marshalled host of Huns that are sweeping to-day across the face of civilization? Always the gods of victory rode in winged cars, and to-day's aeroplanes, the winged car that America gave to the world as the great poem, the great invention, the great heaven-cleaving miracle of the century, beautiful in peace, terrible in war, is indeed the winged victory which France has always loved, and which shall serve her to-day."

A rumor that Madame Sarah had so strongly pinned her faith to the flying corps as a means of victory, that she herself had taken a dash or two into the clouds in a Long Island aeroplane, had reached the editorial sanctum of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and it was to investigate that report that I had made a warm weather pilgrimage to Madame's retreat at Long Beach.

"And have you made a flight in one of these heaven-cleaving war wagons?" I asked as Madame concluded her apostrophe to the aeroplane.

"But yes, my child," she replied.

"Ah, for once rumor was correct," I cried. Madame's eyes were fixed upon a point miles and miles beyond the distant horizon. I tried to divine what she saw. Victory for her beloved

France, of course; fleets, perhaps of airships, cruising among the clouds and dropping defeat upon the heads of enemies; galleons of glory sailing close to the stars and carrying the tri-color at their victorious prows. "You have been

earth. To see the whole world sink out of sight below you, to feel buoyed and uplifted as on the rustling wings of victory, ah, who that has experienced that sensation can ever forget it? Or who, having once conquered the air can ever again know fear of anything on earth?

"No wonder, my child, no wonder that Victory has wings. Why, wings beat down timidity and despair, they are the symbols of courage and of victory—the symbol of the spirit of France. Well did my friend Rostand know that when he chose Chantecler as the typification of young France. A brave bird—Chantecler—the bird of his moment when France, with her strong wings beat exultant, still like Chantecler held her feet to the earth. But to-day has been born a new France—a France baptized in sacramental blood of her best and youngest; and the new France lifts the wings of the young eagle—L'Aiglon—and seeks her victory where Freedom has ever had its home, in the high ethers of the unchartered air."



AGAIN came one of those pauses which, when Bernhardt's voice sinks to silence, seem to fill the air with unuttered words. I hesitated to break the spell of mystic quiet by a question; but presently Madame's golden voice began again.

A new note—it would be blasphemy to call it querulous, it would be blasphemy to call it complaining, but distinctly and without doubt it was filled with a note of feminine protest.

"Why," she wailed, "why must the woman who flies array herself life a female troglodyte? Me, when I ascend in an aeroplane, I shall wear nothing hideous. Flight is too beautiful. A man in his flying uniform looks like a shining knight of the stars. A son of freedom, a victorious conqueror from the stars and of the stars, but the flying woman—she who should be the most beautiful of created beings, the winged goddess of the twentieth century, wears masks and mufflers and the garments of wrath instead of the robes of glory. I shall be different—"

"Then you are going to fly," I gasped as Madame paused to contemplate the air-drawn picture of her own flying apparel.

Madame Sarah leaned confidentially toward me. "Dare I tell you?" she murmured—"you newspaper women are so reluctant to keep a secret, and if *ce cher* Connor—but hush!"

for at that moment Mme. Bernhardt's manager, "Will" Connor, tapped on the window ledge and stepped out onto the piazza where we were sitting, and Madame's confidence was silenced.

But this I may tell you. A French pilot instructor, at a nearby aviation field, has had for a passenger a closely veiled feminine figure, who scorns the regulation aeroplane uniform, and wears flowing robes like the garments of Winged Victory, and if her France needs Madame Bernhardt to ride the clouds among her victorious legions of the air—Sarah is not afraid of flight,



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SARAH BERNHARDT

The most recent portrait of the actress taken in August, 1917 showing her for the first time as Shakespeare's heroine Portia

up?" I questioned again when the silence became uncomfortable.

"In spirit, yes; I am a passenger in every machine that flies across the German lines," she said, "but my only flight until to-morrow was made so many years ago, that most of the daring young navigators of the air were unborn when I went for that trip above the clouds in "Donna Sol," a balloon which was the most advanced vehicle science had then constructed for aerial flight. Ah, the lovely terrors of that voyage among the stars! Fear? No, indeed. One felt only the terrible joy of conquest in cleaving the clouds and spreading wings far beyond sight of



Photos White
Bert Lytell and T. W. Gibson



Bert Lytell and Zelda Sears



Bert Lytell, Irene Fenwick and Adelaide Prince

AN impecunious physician and two chums conceive the idea of obtaining pawnable presents from the doctor's distant relatives by sending them announcements of his marriage to an imaginary person. A bride named Mary Jane Smith is invented by the trio and to their surprise such a person actually turns up. Then the farcical situations begin. They end with a rich relative who is fooled and finally grants his forgiveness and \$10,000 checks.



Walter Jones, Bert Lytell and Irene Fenwick



T. W. Gibson, Leo Donnelly, Bert Lytell and Irene Fenwick

SCENES IN MAY TULLY'S FARCE "MARY'S ANKLE" AT THE BIJOU

THE MARK TWAIN OF AMERICAN MUSIC

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



HENRY F. GILBERT, whose ballet, "The Dance in Place Congo," will be produced by Gatti Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House this coming season, is the most American in spirit, composition and personality of any of our composers, and this new ballet, which was inspired by a description of a dance that he read in one of George W. Cable's stories, will, it is predicted by those who have seen the score, prove one of the greatest novelties that has ever been produced by the Metropolitan's director.

It is rare in this generation that an American composer receives proper recognition of his work at home. It is even rarer for him to receive recognition abroad. But when he achieves both, his friends have every reason to congratulate him. And such has been the experience of Henry F. Gilbert, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose "Comedy Overture" was performed in 1914 by the Imperial Symphonic Orchestra at Moscow and Kiev. Reinholdt Gliere, conductor of the orchestra, was quite enthusiastic about the American composer's work and it was performed at a special concert in conjunction with the works of Scriabine and Richard Strauss.

Henry F. Gilbert is the Mark Twain of American music. His compositions, like Charpentier's, are the outgrowth of life and not textbooks. They are full of melody, daring and original in theme and thoroughly saturated with the nervous restlessness of the American people. One finds constantly in his work the whimsy, the buoyancy, the optimism, the quaint humor and that touch of exaggeration and eccentricity which characterize the work of Mark Twain. The one is doing in music to-day what the other did in his prose.



NO one will deny more emphatically that he is writing "American music" than Gilbert himself. That is because the real artist in the man resents being limited by anything that smacks of provincialism. Nevertheless he is writing genuine American music in spite of himself. His genius, and he has plenty of genius, is tinged by a something that cannot be defined by any other word except "American."

"I don't think American music exists as yet," says Gilbert. "The American race is in process and I believe American music is also only in process."

"But you cannot deny that your symphonic music is more characteristically American than that of any other native composer," said the writer.

"If that is true," replied Gilbert, "it is not due to any conscious effort on my part to write so-called 'American music.' But I have striven to be myself and not to write music that resembled the work of foreign composers. In 1901 I made a trip to Paris on a cattle-boat just to hear Charpentier's 'Louise,' then the musical sensation of Paris. That opera made an unforgettable impression upon me and I determined to devote the rest of my life to the composition of music.

"But I had allowed myself to be influenced by European music. Shortly after my return to America, I sent to Paris, for review, a song that I had written after the modern French idiom. The critic who reviewed it said that 'this is another example of those invertebrate melodies with

which we are so well acquainted, on this side of the water.'

"I immediately saw that if vital musical art was to be started in America, it must not be based forever on the imitation of the art of another country, but must be founded on suggestions of the life of our own country."

There is a very close parallel between the lives of Mark Twain and Henry F. Gilbert. Gilbert has always had an insatiable



HENRY F. GILBERT

The most American in spirit, composition and personality of any of our composers

curiosity about life. He never had the desire to spend his time in a Morris chair with his pipe in his mouth (he always smokes a pipe) and his feet on the fender, reading what someone else had done. He always wanted to do things himself. Born in a small New England town, he early determined to break away from provincialism. So he did not waste much time over academics. Beyond the borders of the town, Life was calling to him. So after going through the grammar school, he obeyed the insistent voice and went adventuring into the world, carrying with him an old fiddle whittled by his grandfather from a cigar-box, on which he soon learned to play, and a bag full of ideals that he has never lost to this day.

Of course he had adventures. Life always has adventures and romance for the man that looks hard enough. Gilbert started on his musical career by playing the violin in various summer hotel orchestras and at dances. He did not use the cigar-box fiddle that his grandfather had made, but he still has that ancient instrument and treasures it with loving care.

After playing in orchestras for awhile, he decided to teach music, but he soon grew tired of the routine of this life and went into the real estate business. All the time he was asking questions, learning things and drinking in life with great gulps.

But inside this unique personality was a passion for nature that was almost as strong as his passion for music. Gilbert loved butterflies and liked to collect rare specimens. Soon growing weary of inflated real estate values, he decided to go to Florida and collect butterflies. To think was to act, so he went to Florida and more than

paid his expenses by the wonderful collection of gorgeous-winged insects he brought back to Boston. Many of these rare butterflies he mounted and sold, and to-day he has in his Cambridge sitting-room many beautiful specimens to remind him of those happy butterfly days in Florida.

In 1893, when Chicago had its World's Fair, Gilbert's insatiable curiosity was aroused again. He just had to see that fair. He had barely money enough to carry him to Chicago, but he had plenty of optimism and energy. And it meant another adventure!

When the Cambridge composer landed in the Windy City he was penniless, but he soon had a job as a pie-and-bread man in a restaurant. He had to cut up one hundred and fifty loaves of bread and fifty pies each day. When the waitresses wanted to supply hungry customers, Gilbert would pass the bread and pie through a hole in the wall. And any one who saw him at his daily task, wearing a white apron, could not, in their wildest flights of imagination have pictured this smiling, energetic little man writing music that would some day be played by orchestras in Moscow and at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

One day, while Gilbert was cutting up his pies, he heard that Prince Galitzin of a noble Russian family was in the restaurant outside. It has been stated before that, with Gilbert, to think was to act. He was at this time very much interested in the work of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the great Russian composer. So he rushed impetuously out of the kitchen into the restaurant and sat down beside Prince Galitzin, still wearing his white apron. Words burst from him and he began to discuss Russian musical art with avidity. Prince Galitzin was naturally rather surprised to find an American waiter with such intelligent views on music. But he was too well bred to show his surprise, so these two incongruous figures sat there for half an hour talking music. To Gilbert's great delight, Prince Galitzin knew Rimsky-Korsakoff personally, and told the young American idealist many interesting things about the composer.



AFTER that adventure, Gilbert returned to Boston and for a while was engaged in making musical charts. Then he became associated with his uncle, who was at that time the owner of a large music printing plant. Here he learned to set up music as well as to play and compose it. It was while he was holding this position, dreaming of the future and wondering just what line he should take up permanently, that Gilbert heard Life calling him again and this time it called him to Paris.

"Louise" furnished the answer to his question what he should do in life. He knew now that there was only one thing for him to do and that was to write music.

Gilbert knew a great deal about musical composition at this time. While playing the violin in a summer hotel orchestra on one occasion, the young musician, by his playing of a small excerpt from "Lohengrin," aroused the interest of a very cultured woman who had been a pupil of Liszt and had known Richard Wagner. She thought Gilbert had real talent and wanted him to study composition under Edward MacDowell. She had a talk with Gil-

(Concluded on page 170)

THE MAN OF FASHION, AUTUMN 1917

By BEAUNASH



THE dance frock of A. D. 1917 sets you wondering whether that sophisticated *débutante*, Miss Goldilocks, is dressed for reception or an operation. Similarly, civilian fashions in men's clothes for early Autumn make you feel almost, if not quite, that you are accoutred for the trenches rather than for town.

With Europe staging the world's greatest tragedy, it is natural that the military *motif* should play the leading rôle in contemporaneous dress. Indeed, outside of that, Fashion is letting its bucket down into an empty well. Saville Row and Conduit Street in midmost fashionable London are sending over nothing but styles of soldierly set-up, as grenadier-like great-coats and adaptations of aviators' jackets, shoulder-strap cavalry coats, army capes, Blucher field boots, spiral puttees, oilskin slickers and a regiment of other modes of which cramped space allows one to marshal but a corporal's guard.

* * *

Due to the worldwide spread of luxury and self-pampering, men's fashions, before the War, were in danger of being feminized. We went in for the slim, attenuated figure of the dandiacal philanderer accustomed to padded ease. Fashion, instead of being vertebrate and red-corpuscled, was sponge-spined and milk-and-waterish.

To-day, we owe an incalculable debt to the soldier, always "the men's man," for lifting civilian dress out of the slough of womanishness and making it interpret something of the deep-chested toughness and virile matter-of-factness of barracks and billet.

Even after the olive branch has set aside olive drab, it is greatly to be doubted whether men's modes will ever return to the old devitalized standards. It seems almost certain that the drub of the drum and the clank of the sword, now in their heyday, will continue to stiffen the backbone of Fashion for many years.

* * *

When one speaks of civilian styles for Autumn, this means a soldierly sparseness and spruceness in body-lines and a compact-and-erect set-up of chest and shoulders. It does not signify the adoption, *verbatim et literatim* of types of garments, which are purely intended for the profession of arms.

Nobody cuts a more unheroic figure than the blustering pretender in "cits," who gives himself no end of airs in the sort of clothes grimly suggestive of the fighting front—voluminous "trench" coats, army evening cloaks and the like. His natural-born predilections are for suffrage and crochet.

* * *

It is fatally easy to overdo this military thing, thus making a mock of the fashions of the day, which are military only in the broader sense of trigness, carriage and grooming.

Lounge jackets for Autumn carry the full-fold drapery of skirt, jutting inward at the waistline and falling into natural ripples below. This is not a flaring effect, as you see it on the soldier's jacket, but a modification. The waist is set a

bit high to convey the tallish, upstanding figure and to stress length of limb. Neither are well-turned-out men going in for the shortish jacket to which military men are indulgent. On the contrary, the jacket is rather long, with higher, blunter lapels than heretofore.

Such a jacket may have the conventional plain back, or, for a pseudo-sporting effect, it may have an expanding pleat between the blades with a similar pleat taking the place of the familiar vent at the bottom.

* * *

Jackets with side pleats, instead of the centre pleat, are again the mode, if you wish to accen-



Full Dress Suit, Fall, 1917

tuates the military out-spring below the waistline.

Then, there is a sheaf of full-belted and half-belted jackets all of a type, but most of them hardly befitting the semi-formality of town wear, unless you have just run in from the country.

There is a sharp line of demarcation between town clothes and country clothes to which John Bull punctiliously subscribes, but which to Brother Jonathan seems negative and nebulous.

* * *

A kit which smacks of the links, the nets, the race meet or the hunt is capital in its place, but that place is not in town. According to the code

of the modern of moderns, each turnout is governed with exactitude by time, occasion and circumstance.

One is comically reminded of the knowing bride, who, badgered by her husband as to how she contrived to tell his breakfast jacket from his dinner jacket, replied that it was easy—eggs on the one and gravy on the other.

* * *

Seriously, however, the stage is an admirable mentor in making your dress appropriate to the place and circumstance. Producers and actors rarely overlook the importance of verisimilitude in clothes and do not commit the unpardonable sin of jumbling field with function. If they did, the audience would be up and at them, beak and claw, for such lapses are instantly and painfully noticeable—in others.

Waistcoats for Autumn may be of the same stuff as the jacket, cut with a rather low opening, or one may wear light silks or soft woollens in tints of snuff-brown or dove-gray.

* * *

So-called "fancy waistcoats" in bold stripes or loud checks were long ago outmoded, savoring, as they do, of paddock and stable. However, such patterns are sometimes to be met at the races, where they are wholly proper with dark-colored lounge suits.

Though trousers are cut without turn-ups for urban wear, many men prefer them with turn-ups. It's an affair of preference, rather than propriety. The smartest cut in trousers is that with the belt-bottom flare, slight, but quite apparent, though not at all with the exaggeration of a sailor's.

* * *

This forward spring is intended to let the trousers-leg flex smartly over the instep—just enough to break that square look, which is stiff and stodgy.

In the colors and patterns of Autumn suitings you may have free rein—blues, greens, browns, grays, iridescent shades, black-and-whites and in-between tones—solid colors, fine stripes, broken stripes, small checks, pepper-and-salt mixtures (they're by way of coming back) and countless other "rich suitings in genteel mixtures," as the middle-class tailor puts it.

* * *

As concerns Autumn topcoats, their name is cohort, if not legion. Most of them denote the military trend in their belts, pleats and yokes, though the most fashionable types are never short, but of goodly length, so as to drum the legs in walking.

The ancient and honorable Chesterfield topcoat is still preferred by many well-turned-out men, perhaps because the crowd has dropped it.

In truth, it is the oldster, not the youngster, who sets the fashions in this country. The sophomore tripling has not one iota of influence upon the modes of the day. It takes well-poised maturity to dictate styles and keep them away from bizarre and audacious eccentricity.

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By Mlle. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES



THE gracious but intangible quality of absolute correctness which marks the toilette of the true grande dame on all occasions and in every circumstance, is achieved by few American gentlewomen. But how completely it belongs to the toilette of Lady de Bathe, the erstwhile Lillie Langtry, who has just sailed for Spain en route to her fine estate in England.

When I see a woman gowned as Lady de Bathe always befrocks herself, I am reminded of the British painter who declared that he mixed his paints "with brains, sir." Her ladyship certainly befrocks herself "with brains"—even with a spice of humor, sometimes.

Shortly before the Jersey Lily left New York, I saw her chatting in the Plaza Palm with Cathleen Vanderbilt and her mother Mrs. "Belle" Neilson. Her ladyship wore the wickedest gray frock these two eyes have ever beheld. It fairly twinkled with malice and humor, that gown, and it was as lovely as a Whistler symphony, besides being fascinatingly wicked.

The creation was of palest mist-colored net, cut in sharp points as to tunic, which, of course, was one of the new single affairs which have crowded the triple tunic out of vogue, and the round underskirt was of beautiful black chantilly lace. The tunic was very, very closely plaited and fell quite to the foot in front and at the back, with high vandycks at the side. The bodice was an extraordinarily effective arrangement of gray net over the same lace with long sleeves of unlined chantilly disclosing the still girlish and beautiful arms which are Lillie Langtry's strong point. A hat of white liseré with ostrich fringes and a silver flower of some unknown species—completed the very beautiful toilette.

"Are you wearing light mourning?" murmured Mrs. Neilson sympathetically.

"How clever of you to notice it!" cried her ladyship. "It isn't really mourning, only a sympathetic symbol. You know dear 'Shuggy' has just sustained a heavy loss."

Lady de Bathe's voice sank to a confidential whisper as she explained just what bereavement had stricken "Shuggy," who, as you know, is her husband, Sir Hugo de Bathe. But her frock—well! if one desired to show proper respect to the memory of a distant mother-in-law, beautifully blended with triumphant relief, I can prescribe no more charming sartorial triumph than her ladyship's wicked little gray gown.

* * *

Cathleen Vanderbilt, by the way, is looking very ill these days, and her fad for black frocks and sombre hats is one not to be recommended. At a recent gathering of "relief" workers in Newport, Mrs. Vanderbilt, in a get-up that suggested that of a Belgian widow, knitted diligently on a black helmet with a sacrificial air of constructing a shroud for some dear one.

I suppose such things come under the general classification of "horrors of war," but they are as depressing as the garments of woe in which Rita Lydig chose to array herself last Winter.

By the way, the mad craze of the moment is for the lace frock without which no Autumn wardrobe is likely to be complete. Chantilly is the favored choice of the woman whose treasure chest yields up an old family scarf or shawl to be the foundation of her robe dentelle. One may drape the lace under clouds of net or over

a foundation of chiffon, satin or any of the gleaming crêpes that are the fabric of the moment. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney chose a gleaming silvery charmeuse to drape with long panels of beautiful white point d'esprit for wear at one of the smart racing events at Saratoga, and presto! Overnight dozens of women produced from their Saratoga trunks lengths of chantilly or hiérre or escurial and the club-house lawn was checkered all over with lace frocks next afternoon. Thus do we copy the gowns we admire!

* * *

In some respects Saratoga is a better background for nice frocks than Newport. The dry air of the New York Spa doesn't wreak such havoc on frills as do the fogs and sea mists of the Rhode Island resort, and I have not seen lovelier dresses this year than those that have been shown on the beautiful lawns at Saratoga. Edna May Lewisohn, who with her husband has ardently "followed" the races at the Springs, has worn some very beautiful frocks, one of which will be widely copied for early Autumn wear. It is cut in the new one-piece effect that simulates a jacket in front and shows a wide flat bow at the waistline in the back. Mrs. Lewisohn chose a heavy white faille of beautiful lustre for her gown, and the deep tab fronts of the loose bodice were handsomely braided in that hand-knitted soutache which is a novel feature of the latest and smartest frocks of Jeanne Lanvin. A deep braiding of the same sort decorated the closely plaited skirt to a depth of quite ten inches at the hem, and reappeared on the circular Cromwell collar. At the waistline in the back was posed a flat kimono bow of flame-colored velvet. A white lace hat with a frilled brim simply trimmed with rosettes of black satin completed the costume. Developed in street colors, in satin or serge, this frock is a stunning model for town wear.

* * *

But to run back to Newport. This has been a gingham summer, and the belle who failed to stock her wardrobe with dozens of dainty dimity or gingham frocks for morning wear, found herself obliged to send to town for numbers of these cool, crisp dresses in pretty hair-lines, checks or plaids with hat, parasol and handkerchiefs to match. I am mentioning the gingham frock because the checks and hair-lines of this fabric have been reproduced in charming silks for early Fall wear, and although not yet seen except in the most exclusive shops, are a feature of the present activities of the smartest modistes. Black and white, combined with black velvet ribbon, blue of the Chinese and powder shades checked with white, and pin plaids of violet and mulberry are ravishing. With these charming costumes will be shown shortish wide scarfs of velvet trimmed with fringe.

This novel and exceedingly jaunty type of frock made its first appearance at the marriage of "Polly" Disston to John Wanamaker—which wedding, by the way, was the August event in that stratum of society known to Newport as "the court circle."

Carnation and white taffeta with hair-lines of black separating the tiny broken plaids was

chosen for this "gingham" frock, and the scarf was one of puffed white tulle very wide and laid flatly across the shoulders. Carnation maline was used to line the scarf which ended abruptly, but most smartly at the elbows.

Already hints of Autumn gaieties are seen in the out-of-door frocks designed for wear when the leaven begin to turn and the crack of the sportsman's rifle is heard in the haunt of bird or deer.

Like the touch of a vanished hand or the sound of a voice that is dead are last year's "sport" fabrics. The sturdy corduroy, the elastic jersey and the winsome sport silk will give place to tweeds and khaki in Milady's favor, and knickers are a feature of the smartest costumes for golf as well as the shooting and riding turnout. By the way, a new khaki of forest green appeared recently on the golf links that lured some smart men and women away from the race-course in Saratoga, and was greeted with a buzz of admiration from all beholders. I was not able to see from my chair on the club-house piazza whether the handsome blonde wearer of the new khaki was the former Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin (now the bride of Magistrate Corrigan) or a double of that famed beauty. But the costume was a success.

* * *

The edict of Bellona, goddess of war, has declared that no wardrobe for the out-of-door season this Fall should be complete without at least one aviation costume. If it is true that "every lassie loves a sailor," it is certainly just as deep a verity in these troublous times of war, that every woman loves an aviator, and if our sky soldiers who are training near to the various Long Island country places to which society will soon be flocking aren't disconcerted by the crowds of admiring girls who fight like Prussians to get past the line of defenses and storm the hangars on the aviation field, they have certainly learned the lesson of fearlessness to the last word. Later on when the girls of the Long Island set begin visiting the fliers, it will be seen that aviation suits are a feature of the approaching modes. To-day fashionable women are as keen as mustard about flying and although no one may prophesy until actual experience has demonstrated the possible union of smartness and practical adaptation in a flying costume, what the correct wear will be, there seems no doubt that the hideous diving suit effect hitherto chosen by professional women fliers, will find no favor with Milady of the clouds when she climbs along the pilot for a spin among the stars.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose high heart knows no fear, is an enthusiast about the aeroplane, and it is only a matter of time (perhaps the event will have been accomplished before you read these words), when she will elude the lynx-like vigilance of her retinue of managers, secretaries, physicians and *dames de compagnie* and make her maiden flight.

But if you think the great and gracious French woman will make herself hideous even to cleave the clouds, you are quite wrong. The divine Sarah is an apostle of beauty, and she has devised the most fetching and feminine of flying costumes during her hours of summer idleness at Long Beach.



Sarony
Allyn King adores free Russia. That's why she wears the newest of Russian coat frocks



White
Hawaiian embroidered sleeves are smart features of Alice Brady's newest evening frock



Mishkin
No wonder Mme. Flore Revalles is smiling! Her one-piece tailor frock is the *dernier* chic of the moment!



© U & V
Why be hideous in an aeroplane? Madame Sarah says one may fly and still be chic

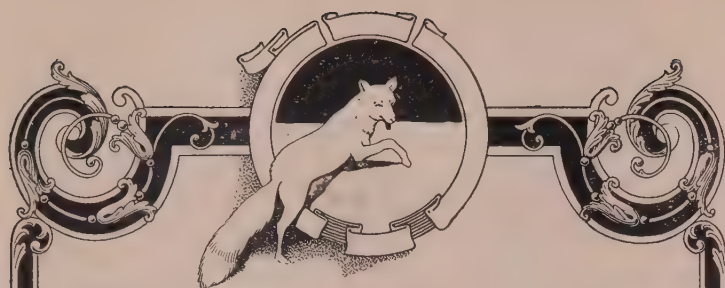


Sarony
The famous love lock of Wilda Bennett is copied by the smartest girls of the Newport set



Campbell
Julia Sanderson in one of the new lace frocks. Note the Rambler Rose pattern of grandmama's chantilly shawl

(Continued from page 154)



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New York



Black Eastern Mink Coat
designed and made for
Miss Margaret Hawkesworth
by H. Jaeckel & Sons.

Over undergarments that might be worn at the pole, Madame Sarah will fly in a soft, long robe of clinging monk's cloth, and a graceful coat, like a glorified motor wrap. I am sure you would approve the poetry of the Bernhardt air costume and agree with Alan Hawley of the Aero Club that the divine Sarah looks like a priestess of the clouds in her flying attire. Of course Sarah wouldn't be Sarah if she omitted a bunch of flowers from her scheme of decoration, and so the utterly trivial and giddy veil she wears upon her utterly trivial and giddy *chapeau*, is caught with a nosegay of her favorite gardenias.

* * *

Flore Reválles is seen here and there, these days, wearing some very beautiful frocks. Mme. Reválles was the first of stage women to show the new lace frock. Her selection is a very delicate chantilly (black) laid without draperies to hide the beauty of the pattern, over a slip of pearly faille. A fichu of white *pointe de venise* of quite marvellous age and beauty (ah, if our sex were only like Venetian lace that gains beauty and charm with the years!) almost covers the bodice, and only ends at the narrow girdle of black velvet ribbon with depending loops that sweep the ground. Madame Reválles has a new dressmaker—a Frenchman who has been "gassed" in the trenches, but who has not lost his sight, as a delightful feeling for color, stamps each of his artistic creations. One of the gowns he has sent to New York for Madame shows the new tailor frock of the hour in Paris, which has the yoke effect—very closely shaped to the shoulders, with an all-round pleated one-piece bodice and skirt loosely belted with pockets placed high upon the *ceinture*. A hint as to how Madame Reválles keeps her wonderful figure is found in the athlete's wand with which she was exercising when snapped for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Mishkin.

* * *

Elsie Janis, much against her will, is recognized as one of the most charmingly dressed girls on the stage. Miss Janis' only unsuccessful imitation is that of an actress who pretends she isn't smartly frocked. One of the most fascinating gowns worn by Miss Janis for out-of-door wear in the country is a novel sport costume of *velours de lange*. And if you are puzzled as to the identity of *velours de lange*, let me explain that it is a very fine quality of that familiar and intimate fabric known as Turkish toweling. As employed by Miss Janis' inspired dressmaker, this linen velvet, both in French gray and white, is exceedingly smart and graceful.

* * *

The popularity of Hawaiian dances and the dreadfully doleful ukulele, seems to have reminded smart

modistes that Honolulu produces other fabrics for wearing apparel besides sea grass and betel beads.

Some very beautiful Hawaiian gauzes and embroideries are appearing on the new frocks and Miss Alice Brady, who finds it difficult to divest herself of the enormous salary she earns as a movie star, has a new evening gown whose Hawaiian gauze sleeves might almost be cut out of Liberty bonds, so precious is the lavish South Sea embroidery with which they are almost solidly covered.

The old-fashioned lovelock has again come to the fore, and we are all striving to look like grandmamma's portrait as painted by Madrazo in his bright youth. If the hair is done closely the lovelock is like the old-fashioned "beau catcher," a semi-circle of hair plastered close in front of the ear. With hair dressed in artistic carelessness, it is a stray wave that seems carelessly caressing the cheek. But unless one shows a lovelock somewhere around the brow, one has not achieved the ultra of smart coiffing. Wilda Bennett is credited with having revived this bit of coquetry, and it is an open secret that a poet has written sonnets to Miss Bennett's lovelock and that Victor Herbert set the same coquettish tendril to music.

* * *

Before I drop my pen, I must make mention of the Russian coat costume which is featured for the coming Autumnal wear by several smart tailors, and has even won the high acclaim of Faibisy himself. Developed in heavy serge, cheviot or broadcloth it is exceptionally chic and practical and adapts itself to town and country wear with equal smartness. The front may be closed or open over a vestee and the favored high stock collar is a feature of the detail of this costume.

Miss Allyn King chooses a soft Havana tailor cloth for her costume russe, and its clean-cut smartness speaks for itself.

* * *

Julia Sanderson has fallen a victim to the rage for lace frocks and sends me a photograph of a chantilly creation "made out of grandmamma's lace shawl." Miss Sanderson adds that she chose a foundation of silvery taffeta shot with rose for her gown and contributes the further quite obvious detail that it is really a bewitching dream! And there you are

* * *

I notice at the season's earliest First Nights, that:—

The newest frocks are unreserved in display of back-bone and ankle.

The chic of the Tobie-Gill gown makes them recognizable at a glance. Faibisy is developing new ideas every day.

"Twilight mist"—a new pinkish gray, seems the color of the moment.

The ungloved hands of the smartest women show no rings except the fetter of engagement or marriage.

The Perfume of "Personality"

An indescribable, sense-enchancing fragrance that envelops milady in an aura of fascination:

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A talcum whose silken smoothness and caressing lightness of texture have made it an indispensable toilet accessory of the sensitively refined woman.

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Anna Wheaton, star of "Oh, Boy!" writes: "What I most like about BABCOCK'S Corylopsis of Japan Talcum—an important detail of my daily well grooming—is its positive daintiness. To me, it is adorably feminine.

Photos posed for by Catherine Hurst, (at left), Evelyn Greig (upper right), and Kathryn Rahn (in circle), all of the "Oh, Boy!" cast.

10c brings samples of BABCOCK'S Corylopsis of Japan Talcum and Face Powder, trial sizes of BABCOCK'S new odor-creations—"Violet Elice" and "Cut Roses" talcums, and samples of Corylopsis of Japan and "Cut Roses" perfumes.

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New York City



Posed by
Anna Wheaton
of "Oh
Boy!"



ANGELINA GIVES FIRST AID

By ANNE ARCHBALD



ANGELINA, who had finished her ten o'clock breakfast of iced coffee and eggs *en cocotte* sat puffing her cigarette musingly. What of all the numerous things to choose from should she do on this beautiful day? There was a hint of early Fall in the crispness of the air coming in through the window and early Fall always smelled like new clothes. Angelina would have liked to go out and browse around the shops, but that was too tantalizing when you'd spent your allowance and there wasn't a ghost of an excuse for replenishing your wardrobe before another month at least.

* * *

The telephone bell rang. Eagerly Angelina snatched Fidelity and her guarding pink taffeta petticoat from off the receiver.

"Is this you, Angelina?" came an excited voice over the wire. "This is Betty. I'm in town with Aunt Sarah. And I'm going to be married day after to-morrow. Frank has ten days' leave before he goes with the *camouflage* corps. And Aunt Sarah is feeling terribly wobbly, poor dear, and wants to know if you won't be so good as to go round with me in her place and help me pick out one or two things. She thinks you have such perfect taste, and besides you always know just the right places to find everything. I may have one imported French

hat, Aunt Sarah says. Oh, do say you will go, dear."

"Surely. I'd love to," responded Angelina, without a moment's hesitation. (Would she, indeed? It had happened like rubbing a wishing ring.) "What do you have to have? I see. Well, meet me at Altman's at eleven. That's the best place to start."

* * *

Half an hour later found Angelina in her element, seated with Betty in the spacious gray salons of the big Fifth Avenue House, while the newest Fall models in evening gowns and suits were brought up and "demonstrated" for them.

They learned, in the first place, that all lines for the coming season are to be long and slender, the skirts narrow and on some of the afternoon and evening gowns draped softly and pulled in round the hem. That all clothes are to strike a more conservative note, as befits the war-time, and that the extreme décolleté of last winter will not be considered in good taste for those having relatives at the front. In its place the so-called "dinner gown" will be featured, which though cut as generously low as individual taste may wish in the front of the neck and as to the lining in the back must have a strip of net veiling the skin in the back and net sleeves of some sort coming to or below the elbow.

Dark browns and bronzes are very popular for these "dinner gowns" and Angelina finally decided on a bronze one for Betty criss-crossed with tiny bronze beads and embroidered further with a rose and its leaves done in glistening Chinese-blue beads, a most unusual and altogether adorable frock, compact of subdued radiance and color. Angelina felt it a great injustice that she couldn't carry away for herself a dancing frock of silver cloth—after all she wasn't a war-bride, yet—with one smashing velvet black poppy, diamond centered, as its sole ornament, but didn't dare risk Dad's displeasure.

* * *

"I wanted one all last winter," she *sotto voce*d plaintively to Betty, "ever since I saw the first actresses wearing them on the stage, and how tremendously effective they were, but something always stood in my way."

"Cheer up, darling," responded Betty callously. It isn't your party to-day, anyway. Pay attention to me and say whether your honorable taste approves of this suit. I'm crazy about it."

"It" was a wine-colored burella, Angelina noted, with plain skirt, save for the regulation patch-pockets, not more than two yards round and about six inches from the floor. The jacket, which fitted Betty to perfection, had a jaunty cut, many pockets and a utilitarian air, such as



The bronze net "dinner gown" that Angelina had Betty buy at Altman's for her troussseau criss-crossed with tiny tubular bronze beads and furthermore stunningly decorated with a rose and its leaves embroidered in glistening blue beads



The silver cloth evening gown with the black velvet diamanté-centered poppy, that Angelina had to "pass up" because all her allowance was spent, and that therefore is still at Altman's waiting for another purchaser



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*"These New Flesh-Colored 'KLEINERTS'
Are Invisible Even in an Evening Gown."*

"NO one need know you wear dress shields any more. This wonderful new flesh color of 'KLEINERTS' blends with the flesh so perfectly that the new flesh-colored shields cannot be detected.

"The cleverly overstitched edges are so flat that they make no tell-tale ridge even under the thinnest fabric.

"And these shields are prettier and daintier than any one ever dared to imagine dress shields could be. They are exquisitely soft and silky and beautifully made — just as dainty as my finest lingerie. Like all 'KLEINERTS' they are as washable as a handkerchief.

"To have that comforting assurance of being well-groomed, one must wear dress shields — not to mention the protection of one's gowns,

waists and suits. In my evening gowns I wear the 'GEM' flesh-colored Crescent shape illustrated, and no one knows I have them on. I wear small flesh-colored shields in all my sheer waists and dresses. In my heavier gowns and suits I wear a white 'KLEINERT GEM' which is a trifle heavier than the flesh-colored shield.

"These shields are lined with pure gum rubber and moisture can't possibly get through them. This is why the Kleinert Rubber Company guarantees every pair.

"All dealers sell 'KLEINERT' Dress Shields in all sizes, shapes and colors, and many sell ready-to-wear garments with 'KLEINERTS' in them. I know all 'Betty Wales' dresses have them."

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ANGELINA GIVES FIRST AID

(Continued from page 158)

the going-away suit of a war-bride should have. Angelina's keen eye thoroughly approved of the figure Betty made, the rough weave and claret tone of the burella being most becoming to her dark brown and red coloring. So the suit went the way of the bronze dinner gown.

“Now let's pause before we go on to the French hats,” said Angelina, as master of ceremonies, “and get a bite of lunch. I'm poverty-stricken, so I'm afraid it will have to be a tea-room. Don't you wish we'd run into someone,” she remarked as they came out onto Madison Avenue, “who'd give us a real lunch?” At Claridge's. I feel just like Claridge's, don't you?”

And with that the same imaginary wishing ring that had produced Betty over the 'phone raised up right before their very eyes in the midst of the held-up traffic, Angelina's “dearest Tubby, the sweetest middle-aged old thing, —oh, over forty,” and Tubby assured them it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world to lunch with them at Claridge's if they wouldn't mind first going with him while he kept a short business appointment.

“It occurs to me, by the way,” he added, with a twinkle in his eye, “that it wouldn't be a bad idea for you, Betty my war-bride, to come in with me. Angelina can chaperone.”

Tubby's car stopped before a large and imposing office-building and Tubby took them up in the elevator and into an office suite paneled in dark wood, with cubby-hole rooms running along one side. There, after a little negotiating, he handed them over to an efficient young person and went to attend to his business. The young person proceeded to bring out of show-cases and lay on the table for Angelina's and Betty's inspection pile after pile of lingerie, —“nighties,” envelope chemises, camisoles, combinations in luscious striped Georgette, in satin, in “trousseau” silk, the heaviest and finest grade of crepe de chine made. Betty was most taken by a pink crepe camisole, the top threaded with blue baby ribbon and embroidered with two blue mercury wings, and Angelina with a pink chemise delicately wrought in medallion form with wools of pale blues and yellows and lavenders and surrounded by lace insertion. Every garment was beautifully made, the same attention being paid in each case, in the simplest as well as the most elaborate, to cut and detail; and in each was a little mark of three feathers, “just like the Prince of Wales' crest,” and the name “Plumebrand.” Angelina called Betty's attention to it. “Remember that,” she said, so that we will

know what to ask for when we go to the shops.”

Then the young person took them further up on the elevator and showed them the cool, light rooms of the model factory where the lingerie was made and by that time Tubby was ready.

And so on to Claridge's, where they struck a particularly good day running into people they all knew, and then up to Gidding's because a little bird had told Angelina that their French hats had just come in on yesterday's steamer. There they found just the thing for Betty, not only a hat, but a whole set, hat, muff and collarette, from Lewis—“I'll be



The new Fall tailor suit of Betty, which Angelina considered entirely in character for the honeymoon of a war bride. The sketch explains its cut and beyond that it is of burella cloth in the new claret color

responsible for Aunt Sarah,” said Angelina—made of plum velvet. The *chapeau* was the new poke shape somewhat high in the crown and covered with gathered velvet; the collarette was of two pieces of the velvet put together and shirred through the middle, and the muff was a round cannon-ball in shape, with a ruffle stuck on it at an angle ending at either end in jaunty ears, one cocked up and one down. Through the middle of the shirrings, on hat, on collarette and on muff ran a delicate flower vine made of little bits of colored silks and velvets and beads.

Most hats were high in the crown, they learned,—Lewis didn't seem to care how high he went—and that two colors to be very much favored were brown and a delicious “putty” gray.

Also that veils were to trail from the side instead of the back. Maria Guy had sent over a turban with such a veil effect,—a turban as picturesque as it was chic, of beaver in a collar-box shape with beaver-colored tulle tacked in loose folds across the crown so that it might be drawn down to film the face. At the left side was a satin bow in pastel blue from under which fell a long streamer of the tulle.

“And that's quite enough for one day,” said Angelina.



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NEW YORK

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S REAL SELF

(Continued from page 126)

a personality of abnormal extremes. When such a nature is successful we call it genius.

When it fails we term it lunacy.

His ambition was to be the regent of the American stage. He achieved it, not so much by dramatic skill as by the aggressiveness of insistent vanity; portrayed in princeliness of production, luxury of personal living, unlimited investiture of determination, conspicuous exclusiveness, courtship of unique notoriety, fascinating contempt for public opinion, and the most startling imperious arrogation of incontestible supremacy.

The budget of brilliancy bore the name of Mansfield!

While many affect oblivion to money matters Mansfield was by nature absolutely uninfluenced by the plenty or a dearth of cash. To be sued or attached scarcely annoyed him. For judgments he had a fine contempt. Money was to him purely a medium. He bought, whether or no. If he had the cash, he paid, if not he would have it some time and then he would pay. But he went ahead and acquired just the same. Discordant decorations, mispronounced words, errors in music, either would disturb him sooner than any process of law; while to owe a fortune disturbed him less than the fit of his wigs.

ONE evening during an engagement of Denman Thompson at the Boston Theatre in "Josh Whitcomb," Thompson's manager, J. M. Hill, was waited upon in the box office by a short, stout man who introduced himself and declared he wished to talk with Mr. Hill relative to managing "young Mr. Mansfield."

"He is rather a difficult individual to handle, Mr. Hill, but naturally he will bow to a successful man; and I want you to take him. I'll back him to any amount necessary to put him where he aspires to be."

"Mr. Mansfield doesn't interest me," answered Hill. "He has a reputation already as a crank; a man impossible to get along with; and I am disinclined to add to my worries. No, I don't think I could be induced to undertake his management."

"He has great ability, and a future!"

"True," answered the shrewd, conservative Hill. "I'll grant you all that. But I have had too much experience with the caprices of players to knowingly put myself in contact with a man of Mansfield's temperament, as already demonstrated in his brief career. I'm not interested. Get somebody else to handle him."

"But won't you see him, and have a talk with him? He is very anxious to get with you. See him to-morrow and talk it over."

"Oh, I have no objection to seeing him," said Hill, "but 'twill do no good. I'll talk with him. Bring him along."

The following day Mansfield arrived at the theatre.

"If we do any business," declared Mansfield, immediately civilities were over, "I want it distinctly understood, Mr. Hill, that you are in no way to interfere with the stage. That is to rest entirely with me."

"Don't be alarmed," was the rejoinder, "we'll not do any business. I couldn't manage you under any circumstances. But I wish it understood that anybody I do manage must subordinate themselves to me in everything, stage and business; for I am responsible to the public for the quality of every production, and I make it a rule to take entire charge of everything."

Mansfield, in high dudgeon, abruptly took his departure.

JOHN MCKINNEY thus described his experience with Mansfield:

"After several had had him and all had gone the one way—abandoned the task as impossible, he sent for me.

"McKinney," he said, "I wonder how you'd like to manage my tour?" "Well, Mansfield, I'll tell you. My price is \$....."

"Oh, that'll be all right!"

"But there's another point. You have a very bad habit of addressing epithets to people; and it is said that you are given to hurling missiles at them; some contending that you have an inclination to chastise people with your boot. . . ."

"Oh," broke in Mansfield, "we'll have no trouble of that nature."

"No, you can bet your life we won't! For I tell you now that the first time you swear at me, or fling anything at me, I'm going to kill you! Do you understand—kill you! You're a great artist, Mansfield, and all that; but I'm one who won't stand for abuse! You've tried it on others, and they've put up with it. But I won't! If you want to do business with me with that understanding, all right!"

They tied up, but it didn't last long. McKinney didn't kill him, claiming that their relations were always harmonious.

(To be concluded next month)



AT THE McALPIN

ERNEST HUSSAR'S Saturday Afternoon Tea Concerts on the McAlpin roof, inaugurated several weeks ago, have grown steadily in importance with summer sojourners in the city, and usually take on a distinct military atmosphere through the presence of officers and enlisted men. It is not unusual to see half a dozen or more European countries represented in the uniforms of the officers.

Miss Hazel Allen, in her "Dances of All Nations," in costume during the Supper Dance on the McAlpin Roof, has made a distinct hit. Each evening since beginning her engagement she has "staged" an entirely new creation, until her repertoire appears unending.



THE VESTOFF— SEROVA SCHOOL

SINCE the first primordial savage whirled round his fire in the night, humanity has danced its way through the fleeting ages. Wherever a band of sequestered mortals grouped themselves together even as they gratified their appetites and built some crude abode, so did they dance.

The Russian School of Dancing represents the zenith of artistic attainment in the rhythmic movement of the body. M. Veronine Vestoff has long been recognized and revered as a supreme master of the Russian Dance in all its manifold expressions and renditions.

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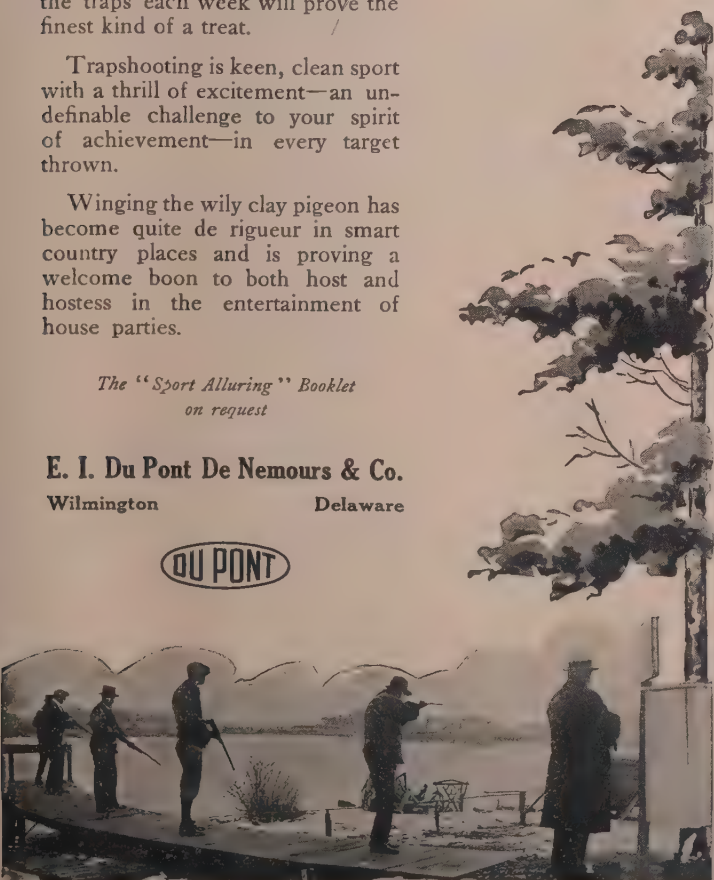
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REVIVE THE TAILORED SUITS

WINTER knocks at the door and we must immediately forget the frivolities of Spring and Summer. The season of organdies and diaphanous frocks, gala sports attire in crying colors, the season of roof gardens and country clubs, the warm and gentle season passes and with September the Autumn is officially heralded in. The light frocks and gay colors of Spring and Summer are so eminently feminine, so dainty and delightful that it is with regret that we turn from them to costumes of heavier weight and more serious aspect which must be considered for the Fall and Winter. Yet at this moment in the year fashions are of much more interest because they are of more importance.

The frivolous modes are taken more or less lightly by creator and customer alike but it is with the beginning of the Autumn with which also begins the social season that the most interesting changes take place in the style world.

He who has an entirely new development in the silhouette and he who merely has evolved newer lines from the old take this moment to present them, new fabrics are introduced, new colors are suggested, entirely new combinations attract and altogether it is a season when the *dame du monde* should be offered a feast of fashions and fancies to select from.

The great question is what will absorb her attention for the season of 1917-18.

Inconsistent with the idea of war economies but justifiable in view of the vast wealth which is at present centered in this country, all indications point to a season of very handsome types, their distinction will be achieved by the use of gorgeous fabrics and rich furs yet the impression is one of quiet elegance rather than of display.

It is safe to say that the very first type that attracts with the return to city life of all the fashionables who have been summering in pleasanter climes is the Tailleur.

Personally, I believe that this style of costume, whether it be a frock or a suit, will be of the greatest moment for her who must be always smart at whatever cost.

I believe firmly in a strong revival of the tailored suit, although the one-piece frock will be more seen in the earlier days of the season. When I say the tailored suit I mean the very severe costume. It is a type which all can wear and which respects at the same time a harmony of form and of silhouette.

This winter will see augmented the vogue of the social tea hour and afternoon affairs will be given a certain prominence as there will be many women whose usual escorts will be away on serious business and this too will make the daytime cos-

tume desired in its greatest perfection.

Couturières are usually as discreet and secret in their workings as diplomatists and have the same prejudice against revealing until the crucial moment the interesting developments in their metier. Then, too, it is undoubtedly certain that women love a certain mystery in their clothes. They rather prefer to remain ignorant of their sources of inspiration and meet the latest evolution in style as an utter surprise. Notwithstanding these facts there has been little secret about the lines for this season, it has been quite certain that straight lines will obtain in the tailored models and every detail of the suit will give length in order to increase this line. There is nothing new in this, the straight line has been vaunted for several seasons but it continues to draw because of its sobriety and youthful charm. The tailored suit, as it will exist this winter, will be a return to logic and discretion which will be much to the taste of the American woman.

With the straightness of the skirt we must be careful not to exaggerate

the narrowness of the bottom as there is an inclination to do, lest we should repeat the uncomfortable hobble which inflicts on the wearer an awkward Japanese walk.

The effort of the suits for the season is to be plain, the greatest simplicity of line will effect the greatest smartness and this means that they must be wonderfully tailored and fitted. Only the most perfect workmanship can make of an utterly plain model a thing of distinction and beauty and in these designs there will be no neglect of beautiful lines; they will be paramount and in order to satisfy, they must be the work of an accomplished artist-tailor.

The straight effect is also to be accented by the longer coats, the narrowness at shoulders and hips and the high collars which in many cases reach up over the ears, almost hiding the nose.

Fur trimmings are lavish but many of our suits will be made in the so strictly tailored lines that even this diversion of fur trimming will not be permitted and the fact that this winter bids fair to be a season of sable will make them practicable.

Luxurious stoles and cape effects will be worn in this fur which will require the plainest of garments beneath. Soft velours and duvetyns are the preferred fabrics and in the fur-trimmed garments velvets are to have a splendid season, especially in colors such as taupe, tête de nègre, dull greens, brown and black. Where some ornamentation is desired it will be introduced in a waistcoat effect of some contrasting fabric. These effects may be trimmed but not the suit proper.

Showing conclusively that the leaning is more to suits, even the trotteur frocks, and there will again be many of these worn, have affected the suit style, in interpretations including the bolero, eton and redingote. Semi-fitted effects are seen in these frocks, the high, choker collar and other novel collar developments of fur or fabric. Even in the fitted models an ease and flexibility will remain.

Those who desire more fantastic creations may gratify this desire in their afternoon and evening models.

It is pretended by some that frocks will bring in a change of waistline and innovations in outline but I firmly believe there is nothing to this prediction.

The union of many nations in a common cause and common interests will tend to bring the national costume thought of each of these into vogue and the vogues of other war periods find their way into the mind of the artist, producing a note of quaintness. Everything will be done in moderation as fabrics and workmanship are too high to admit of wasteful experiments and conditions are too uncertain for the launching of anything startling and bizarre.

In the two models shown, simplicity is dominant but a simplicity controlled by charm of line. The suit is of dull green velour, the right front crossing and giving a surprise suggestion to the belt. The high collar tapering to narrow revers at the front is of Kolinsky as are the shaped cuffs with tab reaching to the elbow.

The very young misses' frock is of navy blue tricolore combined with gray cloth.

It borrows its thought from the navy lads whose costume has been rather neglected for the braiding and brass buttons of the military. Collars and cuffs are of the gray cloth braided with black as is the tiny skirt yoke with point at the front and gray is also seen in the skirt slash at the front.



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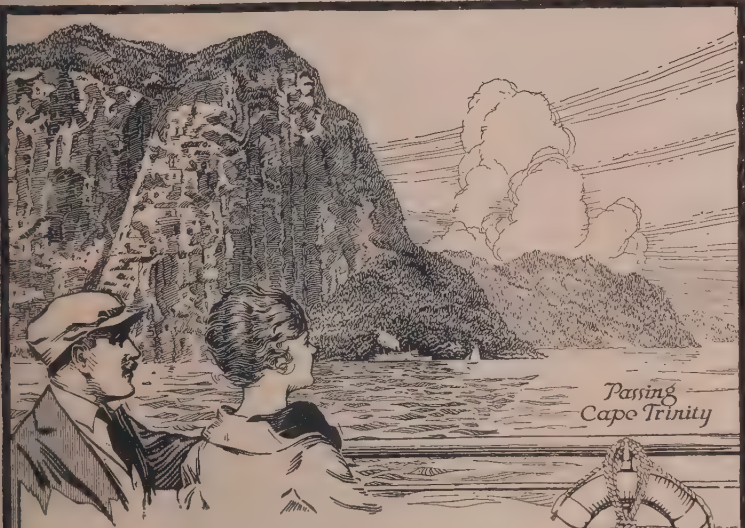
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Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

C. R., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Please give the address of the publisher of the book or play, "The Little Minister." 2. Where can pictures be bought?

A.—You can obtain a copy of the book, "The Little Minister" at any of the book-stores. It has been published by Grosset & Dunlap, 1140 Broadway, New York City. 2. A full-page scene from "The Little Minister" appeared in the March, 1916, issue (price 35c.). You can obtain other pictures from White Studio, 1546 Broadway, this city.

R. N., Washington, D. C.—Q.—What back numbers contain pictures of Marguerite Sylvia. Please state prices of issues.

A.—A picture of Marguerite Sylvia in her automobile appeared in our March, 1912, issue (price 40c.), a portrait in colors was on our November, 1911, cover (50c.), a small picture in January, 1911 (50c.), one as Tosca in February, 1910 (50c.), as Manon in September, 1909 (50c.), as Carmen in October, 1909 (50c.), and a good sized picture in March, 1909 (50c.).

L. H. C., New York City, Q.—Will you publish the casts of "The Melody of Youth," "The Cinderella Man," and "Grumpy?"

A.—The cast of "The Melody of Youth" was: Cathleen Linnett, Lily Cahill; Mary Powers, Eva Le Gallienne; Alice, Mary Leslie Mayo; Sara Ann Powers, Maggie Holloway Fisher; Henry Sly, Charles McCarthy; Phil O'Grady, William Harrigan; Lord Kiltartan, Wm. J. Kelly; Mrs. Elizabeth Hilpert, Florine Arnold; Pastor Paul Knox, George Giddens; Anthony Beresford, Brandon Tynan; Blind Man, Thomas J. McCrane.

The following is the cast of "The Cinderella Man": Morris T. Caner, Berton Churchill; Dr. Joseph Thayer, Theodore Babcock; Blodgett, Percival T. Moore; Albert Sewell, Hubert Wilke; D. Romney Evans, Charles Lane; Marjorie Caner, Phoebe Foster; Celeste, Hazel Turney; Walter Nicolls, Reginald Mason; Anthony Quintard, Shelley Hull; Jerry Primrose, Frank Bacon; The Great She-Bear, Lucille La Verne.

"Grumpy's" cast was as follows: Andrew Bullivant, "Grumpy," Cyril Maude; Ernest Heron, Edward Combermere; Ruddock, John Harwood; Mr. Jarvis, Montagu Love; Isaac Wolfe, Lennox Pawle; Dr. Maclaren, Hunter Nesbitt; Koble, Arthur Curtis; Merridew, James Dale; Dawson, Stanley Groome; Virginia Bullivant, Margery Maude; Mrs. Maclaren, Margaret Swallow; Susan, Maud Andrew.

A Reader, Cincinnati, O.—Q.—In what plays has Henry Miller appeared? 2. Has "The Easiest Way" ever been printed in book form?

A.—Henry Miller made his stage debut in "Amy Robsart," in Toronto. He first appeared in New York in "Cymbeline," with Adelaide Neilson. Mr. Miller has been seen in so many plays that it would be impossible to give a list of them here. We would suggest that you look up John Parker's "Who's Who in the Theatre," published by Small, Maynard & Company. This book can be found in the Public Library. 2. Yes. Communicate with the author, Eugene Walter, address, care THEATRE MAGAZINE.

A. B. C., Atlantic, N. J.—Q.—What is the title of the piece in which the Dolly Sisters made their recent appearance on the legitimate stage

A.—"His Bridal Night."

L. B., Newark, N. J.—Q.—When did the last picture of Estelle Winwood, leading lady in "A Successful Calamity" appear in the THEATRE MAGAZINE? 2.—In what will she appear this season?

A.—August, 1917, issue. 2.—Miss Winwood will continue in "A Successful Calamity."

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WHY LIGHT OPERA SINGERS CAN'T SING



COMIC opera singers ought to sing better according to Mme. Gina Ciaparelli-Viafora.

"There is no reason why singers of light opera should not sing with the same correctness of tone production as grand opera singers," she said recently in discussing things musical at her studio in West Sixteenth Street. Mme. Viafora formerly was a prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company and she has sung in many of the opera houses of her native Italy. Now she sings little, but teaches much. She is imparting the results of her wide experience to young American aspirants for operatic honors.

"Vaudeville singers, too," she continued, "and song and dance artists might just as well learn the rudiments of singing and producing a pleasing tone instead of shouting at their hearers with hoarse voices. It's all a matter of interpretation. The musical comedy star cannot indulge in grand opera airs and the vaudeville performer cannot neglect the enunciation as can the artists who sing in French, Italian and German to American audiences at the Metropolitan. The whole business of interpretation is different for each branch of the singing stage, but the vocal production should be the same.

ONE of the great difficulties that presents itself to comic opera singers is the question of alternately talking and singing. Grand opera singers often refuse to talk during a performance. Unless properly done it is a strain on the singing voice. But the light opera artist must talk, laugh and cry, just before singing.

Many do not even know how to laugh without straining the vocal apparatus and in consequence their voices wear out at an early age.

"Of course when one is interpreting a comic rôle that requires a certain queer intonation to give a queer turn to the character it is all right to deviate from the smooth, beautiful singing tone. It may be a strain on the voice, but nevertheless it must be done if the rôle requires it. As a rule, though, I think musical comedy singers should study more. There would be less singing off the key and fewer rasping husky voices. The theatre-going public would be thankful if some of their idols who have personality, also had voices.

"There is a good deal of talk going on about the French, German and Italian schools of singing. To my mind it is all nonsense. There are only two kinds of singing, good and bad. The tone production must be properly developed. That is all. Again it is only a matter of interpretation. The tone is the same, but

the style, the manner of interpreting the music is different for Italian, French and Russian works. Each has its proper spirit, but it is not a matter of making over the voice for each country. There are Italian singers who can sing French rôles just as well as the French, and no one can deny that Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, though German trained, sings as smoothly and as beautifully as any Italian or French singer. It is simply a matter of right and wrong, not of nationality. If many singers of German opera sing roughly, it is not to be excused on the grounds that they were German trained and sing in accordance with some German school. They are merely good singers or bad.

"There is a practice among certain vocal teachers that I very much deplore. It is the giving of fifteen-minute lessons. Certain teachers are so important or so busy, it seems, that they can give only a quarter of an hour at a time to a pupil. It is all wrong. A pupil, after sitting in a close waiting room,

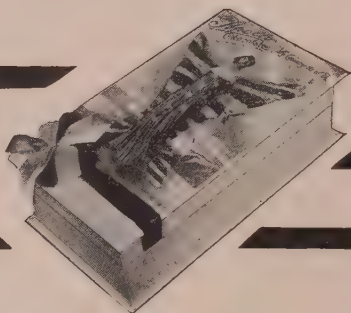
must all of a sudden go into the lesson room without so much as a few minutes of vocalizing to limber up the vocal cords. It takes them fifteen minutes to 'warm up,' so to speak, and by the time their voices are fit to begin serious work the time limit is up. I never take any pupil for less than half an hour. It is not fair to students. It may sound all right to one not versed in matters vocal, but it does not work out right. The voice requires long and careful training.

ANOTHER thing which appeals to me as next to useless is the taking of occasional lessons. For instance, a pupil who has but one lesson a week has little chance of progressing with anything like a satisfactory speed. It takes three lessons a week at least to get results. Students do not always realize the importance of careful training and steady work. Singing is not easy even if it looks that way.

"It is not always the singer with the best voice that succeeds the best. More is required than merely a beautiful voice, if one is to appear in public. American girls have beautiful natural voices. In all of the world there are none better on the average. But they do not succeed as well as their European rivals because their voices are cold and colorless. One has to knock life into most of them. They cannot put the fire and enthusiasm into their work that they ought. Of course there are exceptions, and these get along best. If the American girl had the temperament of an Italian girl she would get along much better at singing.



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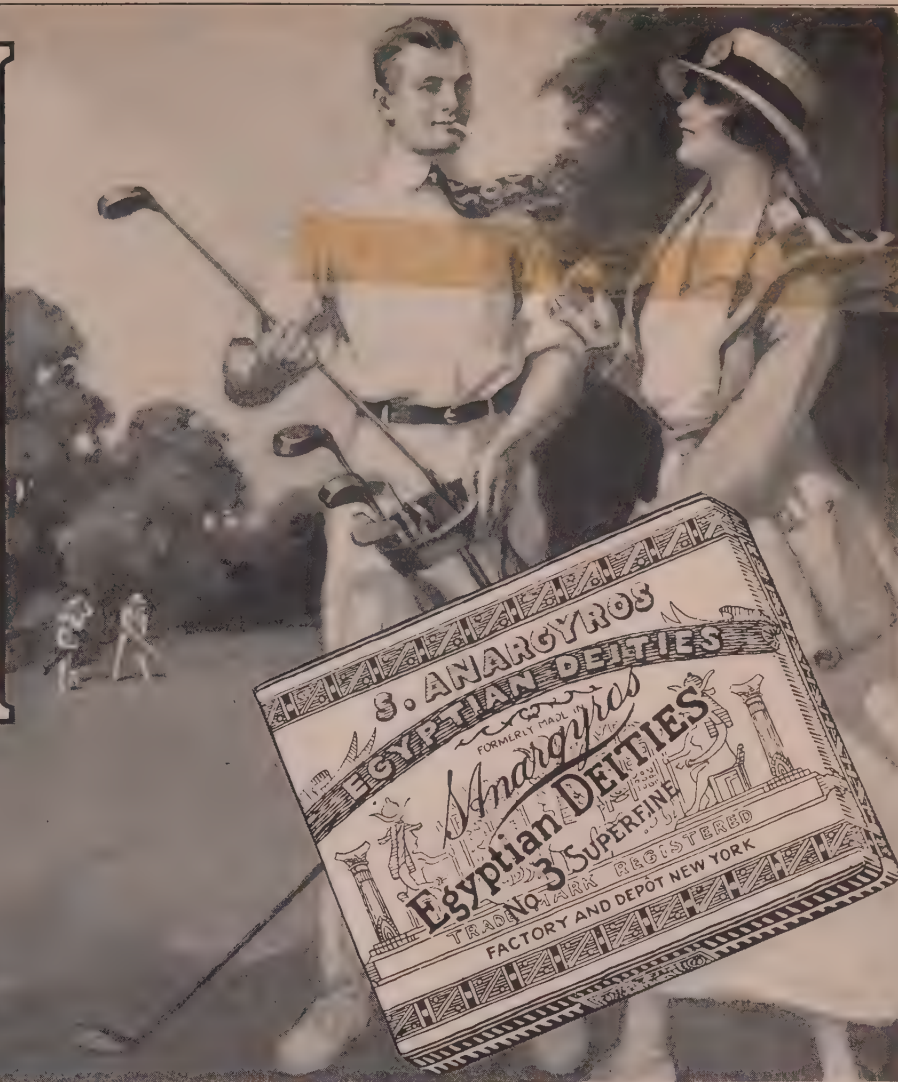
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After Smokin' or before Singing.

SCOTMINTS

THE NEW SEASON

(Continued from page 124)

clares it one of the most inspiring books ever given a librettist. Early November will witness the Broadway premiere of "Her Regiment."

It is pleasant to herald the return to dramatic activity of Grace George who will resume her career as a producing actress-manager early in the autumn.

Other pleasant promises made by W. A. Brady are the appearance in New York of his newest star, Miss Florence Nash, in "The Land of the Free," in which she will be seen in one of her inimitable character creations—a Russian immigrant girl.

VARIOUS and vigorous are the activities of Arthur Hopkins, who is credited with having performed a coup in securing the services of Billie Burke for a term of years beginning with the coming season.

By way of living up to his reputation as a manager with a respect for the serious and significant in the drama, Mr. Hopkins has made his first production "The Deluge," a drama adapted from the Scandinavian of Henning Berger. Other thoughtful plays will follow, but their titles are as yet not announced.

Henry Miller, whose productions always command the respectful interest of playgoers, will do a number of new pieces during the coming season. "The Better Understanding" will be his first Broadway offering. Miss Ruth Chatterton will continue under his management, and it is possible that he will present another feminine star in a production of magnitude later on. Henry W. Savage has already launched the perennial, "Everywoman," on her annual tour of uplift and is now giving his attention to the more fluffy offering of Mizzi Hajos in her bubbling rôle of Pom-Pom in the musical comedy of that name. Other Savage enterprises will be announced in due time.

JOSEPH RITER will present Laura Hope Crews in "Sentiment and Arabella," by William Hurlbut, who has also furnished a comedy to Winthrop Ames entitled "From Saturday to Monday." William Harris, Jr. and the Estate of Henry B. Harris will make a number of early productions, the first named, of course sending out several companies in Bayard Veiller's greatest success, "The Thirteenth Chair." The Selwyn Company is not so devoted to the movie idea as to abandon the field of the spoken drama, and will continue the management of a number of plays and stars, including, of course, Miss Jane Cowl in her own "Lilac Time," while an elaborate production of at least one comedy by Miss Cowl and her collaborator has already been seen and will shortly reach Broadway with an impressive cast.

A. H. Woods will launch the usual number of "grip" plays and several comedies.

Frank Craven will be seen under J. Fred Zimmerman's management in a new piece of his own called "This Way Out."

The plutocratic firm of Smith and Golden are in line with several productions each of which is declared to be the heaven-born successor to "Turn to the Right" and other plays already in the course of active preparation prove conclusively that America's entry into the World's great war strikes no dismay to the managerial bosom.

THE Bramhall Players will open their third season at The Bramhall Playhouse in October with "The Lost Leader," a tragedy by Butler Davenport. This will be followed by a condensed version of "The Taming of the Shrew" and scenes from "Hamlet," with occasional performances of

last season's successes, "Keeping Up Appearances" and "Difference in Gods."

The Bramhall Play Shop for Student-Players opens its season October first. These players will have the advantage of playing in the productions at the Bramhall during the season in New York and in the summer at the Bramhall Playhouse, Davenport Ridge, Stamford, Conn., under the direction of Butler Davenport.



FRANK CRAVEN—
ACTOR-PLAYWRIGHT

(Continued from page 146)

pany, and brother of Edward Craven, in him the sense of the theatre and the scent of dramatic values were inbred. He developed his comedy talent through many parts culminating in his exhilarating success as Jimmy, the brother with an idea, in "Bought and Paid For."

It was William A. Brady's plaint for a play that should have a laugh in every other line that prompted him to finish his play, "Too Many Cooks."

TO one corner of Craven's Corners none but the master has access. Ordinary folk would term this Forbidden Room the library. Frank Craven will permit no such euphemism. "It's my office," he doggedly insists. To quell all disputatious persons he hung on the door the sign, "Office." As no one enters a private office without the consent of the owner, Mr. Craven's reign is undisturbed.

"I think there are things pasted on the wall no one ought to see," his wife says.

"She's wrong there. If there were her curiosity would not allow her to stay out," he insists. "If notes or a part of a little stage set were moved I wouldn't know where to find it. One of a man's individual rights is an uninvaded work room."

"The furnishings are all Mary's," he says, with a wave at the sombre glory of mahogany and the Titian lights in rosewood.

Mrs. Craven collected the furniture of the English house from quarters where English furniture hides. One piece is her shopping magnum opus. It is a huge four-poster hung round with gold-tinted curtains.

"I bought it because it looked like such a comfortable place to die in," she avers.

Her husband threatens to put the line in his next play.



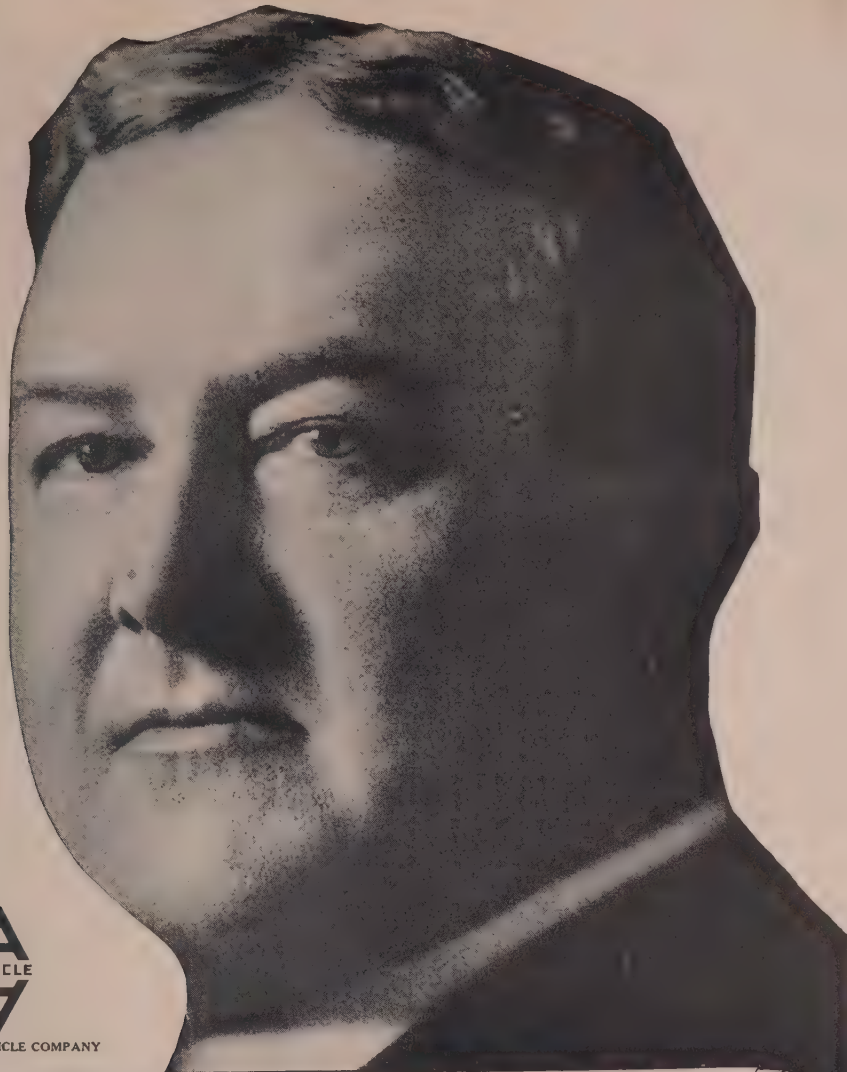
COLUMBIA RECORDS

AMONG the new popular records announced by the Columbia Graphophone Company for September is, "Where Do We Go From Here?," the song that is said to be the American successor to "Tipperary." It is a typical march-song, in its spirited swing and lift.

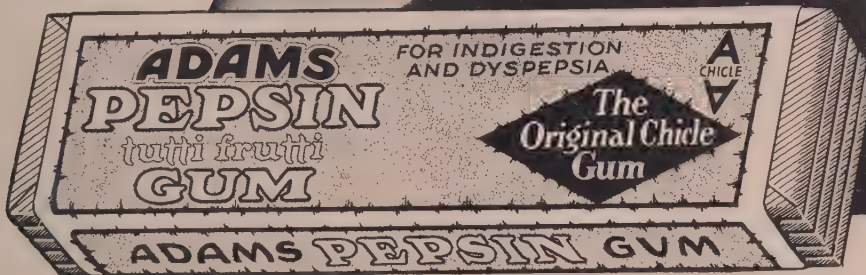
Other songs and music in the same patriotic vein are "Over There" and "I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time," sung by the Peerless Quartette; two descriptive sketches by Prince's Band; "Our Boys in a U. S. Training Camp" and "The Assembly of the Allies;" and the splendid rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America" and "The American Patrol" by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

The craving for lighter music is met by a list of thirty popular hits, among which are Al Jolson's singing of "Tillie Titwillow," his big parody hit from "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," and Billy B. Van's clever topical song, "Napoleon," which he features in "Have a Heart." In addition, there are fourteen dances, exquisite song-gems by Charles Harrison and Oscar Seagle and hymns by Rodeheaver.

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THE MARK TWAIN OF AMERICAN MUSIC

(Continued from page 152)

bert's parents, but, as MacDowell was at that time in Wiesbaden and it would be necessary for their son to study abroad, Gilbert's father and mother were not very optimistic and the lady was rather discouraged. A few days later, however, it was announced that MacDowell was coming to America and Gilbert's friend wrote him joyfully: "You need not go to Europe, my child; Europe is coming to you." Gilbert was Edward MacDowell's first pupil in this country.

After Gilbert had heard "Louise," he threw himself heart and soul into the joy of musical composition—for, to him, it has always been a joy to do creative work. There is something of the eternal child in Gilbert, and musical composition is the toy that he never gets tired of playing with. This new adventure promised more permanent pleasure than anything else, and Gilbert entered upon it in characteristic fashion. He moved into a barn in Quincy, Massachusetts, installed a rusty-looking piano and started to compose music. There he was found by Arthur Farwell, who soon discovered his genius and aided him in getting some of his earliest musical compositions published.

SINCE that time, Gilbert has produced numerous orchestral and piano pieces and songs, and his work is now commanding the serious attention of critics and music-lovers everywhere by reason of its strong individuality. He established a solid reputation for himself by his "Comedy Overture," which was originally intended as a prelude to an opera based on the Uncle Remus stories of Joel Chandler Harris. It was performed for the first time by Franz Kaltenborn's orchestra in Central Park, New York, in 1910, and by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in April, 1911.

It has also been played by symphony orchestras in Chicago, Philadelphia and many other cities, and was performed several summers ago at the Peterborough musical festival, under the auspices of Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the composer. It aroused great enthusiasm.

Gilbert's "Negro Rhapsody," written for the Norfolk Festival, was played at Norfolk, Conn., for the first time in June, 1913, and the composer was given a tremendous ovation by the large audience.

THE most widely known of all Gilbert's compositions, from a popular point of view, is the "Pirate Song," which is a characteristic and robust setting to music of the verses beginning, "Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest," which is recalled by every lover of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." This song was sung throughout the country by David Bispham and may be heard to-day in any well-stocked phonograph shop. The composer captured the spirit of the verses admirably and the songs always shared honors on Mr. Bispham's programs with the more grown-up "Danny Deever."

SUCH is the career, in brief, of Henry F. Gilbert, America's most individual composer—a man who has always dared to be himself and whose picturesque roving in quest of the ideal led him to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. And we predict that whatever reception may be accorded "The Dance in Place Congo," every critic will admit that it is different from anything else ever heard. It is no transplanted bit of European music, but the voice of America calling through a new interpreter.

THE OUT OF DOOR DANCE

(Continued from page 140)

theatres on their private estates. Artists whose work is in harmony with the surroundings will be asked to give performances. Amateur plays will be given, the community will be educated to the Greek ideal of open air plays. Pageants will become more a part of the community life, fostering the altruistic group spirit.

There is a natural freedom and exhilaration from out-of-door playing that is missing entirely from a closed theatre, roofed or walled. This year has marked many Shakespearean plays given in wooded glens with stage setting more perfect than any painted scenery could be. Big photodramas which call for breadth of atmosphere, natural beauty of surroundings, have all contributed to the call for the great out-of-doors. Out-of-door dancing schools and schools of dramatic instruction are becoming very popular and many. This is a great impetus toward the natural. Particularly is this true of dancing. Modern dancing fails to satisfy and we are struggling for self-expression through interpretive dancing, which needs the open to afford exhilaration and inspiration. My company of dancers are giving out-of-door dancing in indoor theatres, and I often wish I could transplant performance and the audience to the open where the dancing would be unrestricted and seen and felt as it should be.

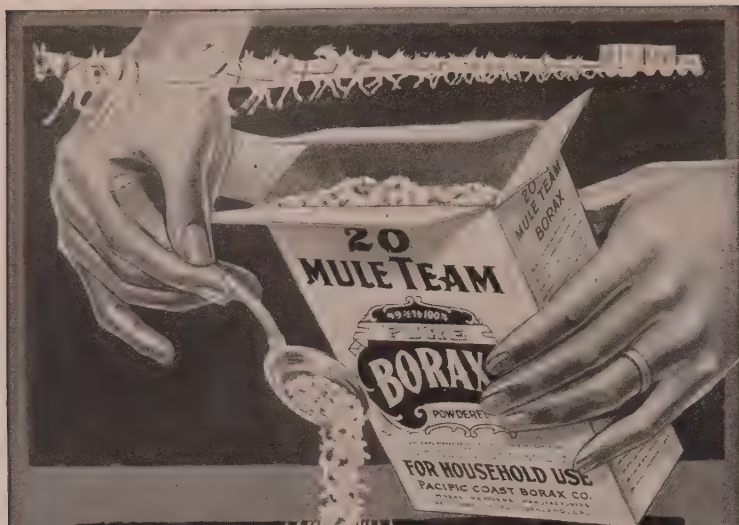
I LOOK hopefully at these signs of returning to the Greek ideal of education and amusements and believe that it is an upward trend of evolution, away from the stifling, unhealthy, artificial pleasures back to the classic Greek perfection of beauty, of body and surroundings, with their marvelous architecture of perfect proportion. We might even hope for a deliverance from modern dress, so inartistic and unhealthy, and know the joy of wearing the classic Greek drape, unconfined by narrow waistlines, high necks or long sleeves. With sandaled feet, we might once again walk as Nature and not man intended.

The Camp at Plattsburg, besides stimulating the patriotic and preparedness qualities of the individual, is forming a foundation for a similar widespread movement creating desire for the open camp life in the business man. The Woman's Military Camp at Chevy Chase has done a great work, many society girls who need training in concentration and application in serious work will learn the joys of simple vigorous life in the camp, involving early rising and obedience to authority. One can hardly estimate the increased vitality and health of a nation where open air living was the rule and not the exception. And out-of-door dancing as a gracious means to hygienic ends has its place in the science of health as well as in the arts of grace and beauty.



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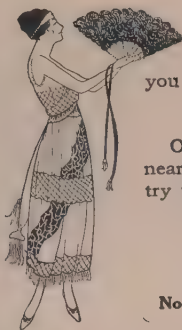
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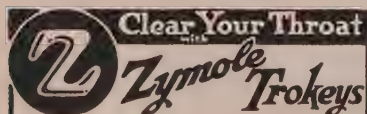


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MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



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Director and Producer



EDWARD CONNELLY
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Alfred Hickman and Nance O'Neil
As the Czar and Czarina



Kitty Galanta as Anna
Edward Connelly as Rasputin



Scenes from Herbert Brenon's "Fall of the Romanoffs." A stirring picturization of the abdication of the Czar of Russia, and the contributing causes, which are now history, with Nance O'Neil as the Czarina, Iliodor as himself, Conway Tearle playing the part of Prince Felix and Alfred Hickman as the Czar

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



CRITERION THEATRE. "THE WARRIOR," with Maciste.

Do you remember "Cabiria?" Do you remember the giant in "Cabiria?" Well, he is with us again—this time in "The Warrior," a picture production far out of the ordinary. Marvelous Maciste, as he was named in a picture released last year, uses his wonderful strength, this time in a worthy cause. The settings for the picture have been furnished by the great war—that portion of it showing a bit of the conflict along the frontiers of Italy and Austria. Maciste and a company of motion picture actors are arrested by an Austrian Cavalry Troop as suspicious characters. They and several hundred other suspected persons are herded like sheep and imprisoned in a barn. Maciste contrives their escape and from then on the picture is a riot of action. Particularly good are soldiers of Italy scaling cliffs and crossing chasms in full war regalia. All of these scenes provide Maciste with opportunities of displaying his supernatural strength. The photography and direction are both good. Altogether "The Warrior" is a delightful and unusual evening's entertainment.

* * *

GLOBE THEATRE. "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," with Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin.

William Fox's first kiddie picture, "Jack and the Beanstalk," is a delightful film which will undoubtedly please young and old alike.

A prologue in which a fairy tale is read to two children, Francis and his little neighbor, Virginia, leaves them determined to find the Enchanted Forest. They steal off and come to a forest where they fall asleep and the Dream God waves his magic wand and Francis becomes the Jack of Beanstalk fame, and Virginia is the Princess Regina.

Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin are two clever youngsters who in "Jack and the Beanstalk," directed by C. M. and S. A. Franklin will probably acquire fame. Thirteen hundred girls and boys were used in this huge production which took almost one year to complete. Jim Tarver, who plays the giant, is eight feet six inches tall and weighs 480 pounds.

These pictures fill a long-felt want and Mr. Fox is to be congratulated upon taking the initiative in making productions for children. My one objection is that the price of fifty cents is charged. It seems out of proportion and if adhered to it will prevent many children from enjoying "Jack and the Beanstalk."

* * *

BROADWAY THEATRE. "THE LONE WOLF," with Hazel Dawn and Bert Lytell.

"The Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance, is bald melodrama that gets over because of the superb direction of Herbert Brenon. As a crook picture "The Lone Wolf" differs little from others except that the picture has been capably cast and worked out with extraordinary care as to detail.

The scenario, by George Edwardes-Hall, is a clever adaptation of the novel. Bert Lytell, as The Lone Wolf, a crook since childhood, has been taught to work alone and above all to put women out of his life. Eventually he meets Hazel Dawn who, as Lucy Shannon, a trained nurse, is in reality a detective attached to Scotland Yard, who has been sent to Paris to track down the Lone Wolf.

The plans of an invention of a new submarine destroyer play a prominent rôle throughout the picture and are the excuse for various and many thrills offered. A detail which seems to me to be in very bad form, especially in these times, is the depicting of the French Minister of War as an effeminate dandy and dilettante. In fact these scenes lend a sort of Keystone Comedy effect absolutely uncalled for.

"The Lone Wolf" should prove a big box office attraction.

* * *

STRAND THEATRE. "THE SLACKER," with Emily Stevens.

Someone in authority was probably on a vacation when the Strand Theatre booked "The Slacker," produced by the Metro Pictures Corporation and directed by William Christy Cabanne. "The Slacker" is about the slackest and poorest form of entertainment the writer has seen in some time.

As a patriotic, propagandic film "The Slacker" would have been all right in its way had it been produced and shown before conscription became necessary. The draft did away with the slacker automatically. Therefore, a picture with the slacker as its basic idea was totally unnecessary in the first place. Naturally, the poor production of this feature helped to mitigate against it.

"The Slacker" consists of several thousand feet of titles technically known as applause titles—that is to say, that demand applause from the audience. Projected on the street corners, in public squares, or at recruiting stations before conscription they would have made their mark. In a theatre like the Strand, they fall far short of our idea of entertainment.

Emily Stevens has been horribly miscast as the wife of "The Slacker." In fact, she looks old enough to be his mother. As a whole "The Slacker" is an unprofitable evening's entertainment.

RIALTO THEATRE. "DOWN TO EARTH," with Douglas Fairbanks.

The Artcraft Pictures Corporation presents Douglas Fairbanks in his own story, "Down to Earth," directed by John Emerson.

There is no use talking. You can't keep pie and eat it too! Fairbanks is responsible for this story of "Down to Earth." He is also responsible for his own performance in the stellar rôle. In trying to do two things he has missed one. "Down to Earth" is full of funny situations inspired by Fairbanks, but his own inimitable gymnastics are missing.

As Bill Gaynor, a man who buys a sanitarium in order to cure his sweetheart of a nervous breakdown, Fairbanks has invented many novel situations which were well received. But throughout the entire picture with the exception of one or two scenes Fairbanks failed to dominate the picture. Not that the smile was missing, but Doug wasn't as wild as usual and the audience missed it.

Compared with his other pictures, "Down to Earth" is not up to the standard.

* * *

GLOBE THEATRE—"THE SPY," with Dustin Farnum.

A William Fox exclusive special release entitled "The Spy" was shown to a specially invited audience at the Globe Theatre, Thursday morning, August 9th.

"The Spy" has for its star Dustin Farnum. It has for its author George Bronson Howard. To Richard Stanton is given the credit for the direction. Only one of the three has made good. Dustin Farnum as the Spy, an American sent over to Germany by a patriotic league to obtain for them the names of German spies in America, proved most convincing in a difficult part. Playing opposite to him was Winifred Kingston who also registers forcibly. As to the story itself, it is hard to believe that George Bronson Howard is the author, for a more unconvincing story would be hard to find. Richard Stanton, the director, has overlooked much. The lack of attention paid to detail is most appalling.

As for calling "The Spy" an exclusive special release—there is nothing exclusive or special about it. In fact, it makes a most ordinary programme picture.

* * *

EIGHTY-FIRST STREET THEATRE. "SUDDEN JIM," with Charles Ray.

"Sudden Jim," by Clarence Budington Kelland, ran in the Saturday Evening *Post* about a year ago. It is ideal picture material, and Thomas Ince showed rare judgment

when he purchased this story. Charles Ray is featured. It may be added in passing that Ray here portrays a character quite different from any he has heretofore played. It gives him a chance to be a bit of a hero.

The picture is a story of the clothespin industry and it is a mighty interesting one. Sudden Jim gets his name from his habit of making quick, immediate decisions. Naturally, they get him into trouble, but, like all good stories, all's well that ends well. "Sudden Jim" is a picture that will draw well in any locality.

* * *

ASTOR AIRDROME. "A DEPARTMENTAL CASE," with Mary Cunningham and Charles Kent.

"A Departmental Case" is one of the O. Henry stories, now being released by the General Film and produced by Broadway Star Features. Most of the O. Henry stories have made excellent screen material and this picture is no exception. The one fault seems to be that most of these pictures have been padded. The action is not fast enough. Mary Cunningham is a girl who will bear watching. A newcomer in pictures, she has all the earmarks of a star in embryo. "A Departmental Case" is a good short-reeler.

* * *

RIALTO THEATRE. "THE LAW OF THE LAND," with Mme. Petrova.

The screen version of "The Law of the Land," from the play by George Broadhurst, may be the reason why Mme. Petrova is no longer connected with the Paramount Pictures Corporation.

"The Law of the Land" was directed by Maurice Tourneur. "The Law of the Land" was, first of all, no vehicle for Mme. Petrova. Secondly, if Mme. Petrova hopes to become an idol of the screen, she must first get over the habit of hogging scenes.

It is quite interesting to note that her supporting cast, which by the way, is an excellent one—in fact, each and every one of them is superior to the star—are rarely allowed to dominate any scene in which Petrova appears. It is also interesting to note that it is almost impossible to get a full face view of Mahlon Hamilton. In fact in all his love-making, etc., his profile only is visible while Petrova glares out at you.

"The Law of the Land" lends itself admirably to the screen, and in the face of what Director Tourneur was undoubtedly up against he did remarkably well.

"The Law of the Land" would be an excellent picture—minus Petrova.



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UNWINDING THE REEL



HAVE you been stung? How? did you say. Why, by going into a Motion Picture Theatre that advertised Billy West comedies. Billy West is a young man who imitates Charlie Chaplin. He does it poorly and coarsely and yet looks enough like Chaplin to get away with it. The brand name of these comedies is King Bee. Now do you get the connection between the first and last line of this paragraph?

* * *

The Clara Kimball Young controversy is at last settled. C. K. Y. will hereafter make eight pictures a year for the next four years for Paramount-Artcraft. Everybody seems happy. Evidently Lewis J. Selznick has gotten what he wants, Miss Young has what she wants, and Paramount-Artcraft wins all around.

* * *

Motion picture fans have a treat in store for them. Walker Whiteside, whose excellent work in "The Melting Pot" will be remembered, has completed a picture directed by Sidney Olcott of Famous Players fame, entitled "The Belgian." This is not a war picture in the strict sense of the word—there is, however, enough of the GREAT CONFLICT shown to bring it up to date.

* * *

The Advanced Pictures Corporation, comprising Arthur Hammerstein, Lee Shubert and Ralph Ince, have completed their first production entitled "The Co-respondent," which is the same piece that Irene Fenwick played last season. The picture is in seven reels and has Elaine Hammerstein in its stellar rôle.

* * *

"To put together a programme of Motion Pictures and music which will satisfy the advanced audience of to-day requires the same sort of showmanship necessary to construct a perfect vaudeville entertainment, plus a wide knowledge of music and an expert understanding of motion picture making in all its branches," says S. L. Rothapfel, Managing Director of the Rialto, New York.

Presenting motion pictures to a clientele of the sort which has given The Rialto its present standing is far from being a mere matter of renting the films and reeling them off. That did well enough when motion pictures were a novelty in themselves and people were interested in anything that was shown to them. Nowadays, since music has joined hands with the films in providing entertainment in a language that is universal, each unit in the programme must be studied carefully in relation to every other unit presented as part of the same bill.

Public preference varies greatly in respect to the component parts of

our programmes nowadays. An increasing proportion of our patrons come primarily because of the music. The largest proportion no doubt is sure of the bill, whatever it may be. Still another proportion is most keenly interested in our Animated Magazine, with its new events, its bits of scientific phenomena, its droll cartoons, and its patriotic features. The problem, then, is to present each week something which will have such a strong appeal for each group in turn that, so far as the patrons who make up that group are concerned, the programme is well worth while regardless of its other factors.

Naturally this requires painstaking consideration. The several offerings on the bill must be arranged in such sequence that their interest is cumulative. They must succeed each other smoothly and harmoniously so that the tempo of the programme is never allowed to flag. The suggestive values of the units preceding the feature should be in keeping with the spirit of it, so far as possible, so that the feature comes as the climax of interest aroused up to that point and finds the audience in the proper mood to receive it. Experience has shown that a good comedy can follow a feature without seeming an anti-climax and in this way it is possible to round out the bill with the spice of laughter so essential to any well-balanced entertainment.

Properly handled, the orchestra in the modern motion picture theatre does more toward producing a cohesive, well-sustained entertainment than any other factor involved. Introducing the programme with a dignified overture, it not only accompanies the various soloists and contributes light selections on its own account, but it provides at all times an unbroken background of melody upon which everything else is superimposed. By a thoughtful, sympathetic selection and arrangement of the incidental music each scene on the screen is interpreted and emphasized in a way that enhances its appeal beyond measure.

At The Rialto special stress is laid upon this matter of interpretative music. Its proper application requires familiarity with the psychology of crowds, coupled with a natural sense of the emotional values to be found in various kinds of musical compositions. By a shrewdly chosen and well-timed piece of music an audience which might otherwise accord certain pictures only perfunctory applause may be—and at The Rialto repeatedly has been—inspired to a noisy demonstration akin to the roar that goes up when some one on the home team knocks a home run with the bases full. Less spectacular but equally effective are the love motifs, the dramatic agitato, the old folk-songs and other compositions by means of which many a



Talmadges may come and Talmadges may go, but we believe Constance will live forever. Incidentally the young lady has just completed a picture entitled "The Lesson"



This is Irene Castle, or if you choose, Mrs. Vernon Castle. You may keep track of her public life for some time to come providing you look for Pathé pictures



Not a trio from "Hansel and Gretel"—Just Jim Tarver, the Giant, of "Jack and the Beanstalk" getting acquainted with Jack and the Princess, in the William Fox production of the fairy tale of fond memories



Lillian Walker and Jack Mower as they appear in "The Lust of the Ages," produced by the Ogden Pictures Corporation

Goldwyn Stars



Mae Marsh



Jane Cowl



Madge Kennedy



Maxine Elliott



Mary Garden



Mabel Normand

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UNWINDING THE REEL



photoplay of only average merit has been raised to an artistic level that insured popular approval.

Having selected the units of his programme, the modern exhibitor provides special scenic settings to give them the proper artistic atmosphere and at The Rialto we have elaborated upon this with a unique illuminating system that enables us to bathe the entire auditorium in whatever color or combination of colors will intensify best the psychological effect of a given offering. In short, from the cheap "store show" of a few years back, the motion picture programme has been elevated to a point where it requires to-day almost as much detailed preparation, hard work and brains as the production of the average musical comedy.

Commodore J. Stewart Blackton, whose big productions, "The Battle Cry of Peace" and "Womanhood, The Glory of the Nation," will not soon be forgotten, has signed a contract with the Artcraft Pictures Corporation to make four special super features during the coming year.

"Between Men," a stirring outdoor movie, starring Irving Cummings and Ruth Sinclair, has been completed.

"Jack and the Beanstalk," the first of the Fox kiddie pictures for young and old, is said to cost in the neighborhood of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars, which is going some for a fairy tale.

Lillian Walker has completed her first production for the Ogden Pictures Corporation of Ogden, Utah, entitled "The Lust of the Ages." This production is in seven reels and includes five episodes.

The Italian Government official war pictures opened at the 44th Street Theatre on August 7th to capacity audiences. It seems as though the entire Italian population of New York has turned out to see these pictures which are truly remarkable.

The picturization of Hall Caine's "The Manxman," is daily enticing New Yorkers to the Criterion Theatre. "The Manxman" is an elaborate production directed by George Loane Tucker and is well worth seeing.

Nazimova has signed a contract to appear in pictures under the Metro Banner. The only surprising thing about this is that she should

have chosen to appear for a programme whose roster of directors shows none capable of bringing out her best efforts. That Nazimova in "War Brides" proved an extraordinary picture was due to the fact that Herbert Brenon's was the directing hand.

Speaking of Herbert Brenon, his production, "The Fall of the Romanoffs," will undoubtedly occasion much surprise. The story is by George Edwardes Hall and Austin Strong. The cast includes Nance O'Neil, Ilidor, Edward Connelly, Conway Tearle and Alfred Hickman.

After completing a run of two hundred performances at the Globe Theatre, Benjamin Chapin's "Lincoln Cycle" has been released for further showing throughout the country. If it plays your town, go and see it—incidentally, take the family.

Perhaps you will remember "The Law of Compensation," with Norma Talmadge, directed by Julius Steger and Joseph A. Golden. If you do you will recall having spent an evening wisely and well. Closely following upon "The Law of Compensation," Steger and Golden have produced a picture with Evelyn Nesbitt entitled "Redemption." The production of this picture accomplished two things—it proved Evelyn Nesbitt worthy of stardom, and moved Julius Steger up into first rank of directors. "Redemption" is the story of Evelyn Nesbitt's life cleverly transposed.

Cyclonic Eva Tanguay, of vaudeville fame and fortune, has completed her first picture with Lewis J. Selznick. We have not seen it yet, so we are not hazarding any guess as to its worth.

The late lamented Sir Herbert Tree's last work in motion pictures was his original creation of the part of John Coburn in the Triangle five-reel feature, "The Old Folks at Home." The Triangle Pictures Corporation will undoubtedly preserve this, the last motion picture effort of Sir Herbert Tree.

The Exhibitors League of America has re-elected as its President, Lee A. Ochs.

The perpetuation of the Chas. Frohman successes in motion pictures will have as their stars Ann Murdock, Julia Sanderson and Olive Tell.



Little Mary insists on personally responding to all the public's requests for autographed photographs. Here she is, stranded in a sea of mail, looking not like the Queen of the Movies, but a sadly depressed correspondent. This view of the most popular star in filmland may help disillusionize those who think that joy unalloyed is the lot of the movie favorite. Little Mary is assuredly paying the penalty of success



We are about to reveal a dark secret. Ssh! This is Linda Griffith, otherwise known as Mrs. D. W. Griffith. How talent does run in some families. There is something positively weird about Linda's ability to take character parts

UNWINDING THE REEL



Julian Eltinge's first picture for Paramount will be entitled "Countess Raffelsky," by Gillette Bergess and Caroline Wells.

* * *

Mae Murray is now a Bluebird star. The Universal signed Miss Murray to a long term contract and her first picture will be released shortly on that programme.

* * *

Edgar Lewis who is responsible for "The Barrier," "The Bar Sinister," "The Nigger" and many other feature productions of note, is completing a picture. The nature of the story and its title are both being kept sub rosa. Mr. Lewis has built a town consisting of twenty-seven buildings three miles northwest of Ticonderoga. A church, a dance hall, a Hudson Bay Company post, a northwest mounted police station and even a Chinese laundry are among the structures erected, and the natives of that section have named the village after its creator, calling it Fort Lewis.

* * *

Putting the funny section of the daily papers into pictures is assuming the proportions of an epidemic. Polly and Her Pals will shortly make their advent on the screen as will our old friends the Hallroom Boys, Ferdie and Percy.

* * *

Charlotte Walker is making a picture for the Triumph Pictures Corporation entitled "Just a Woman." Miss Walker's best work for the screen heretofore has been "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Kindling."

* * *

The Overland Film Company announces that they are going to make a picture with Rae Tanzer. Of course, everybody knows of Miss Tanzer's notoriety in the Oliver Osborne case. Capitalizing notoriety such as this and making productions with women or men as stars whose only claim to that position is the newspaper publicity they have received in connection with a murder or blackmail case, is one of the menaces that threaten the motion picture industry. If the trade papers and the exhibitors were to band themselves together, the former to refuse the advertising, and the latter to book productions of this calibre, fly-by-night companies whose only aim is quick profits with no thought as to the injury they are doing the motion picture industry would soon be squelched. Let us hope that in the case of the Overland Film Company such action will be taken.

* * *

The first Goldwyn picture to be released is Mae Marsh in "Polly of the Circus." This production will

be reviewed in a later issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Goldwyn stars now include Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, Maxine Elliott, Mary Garden, Mabel Normand and Jane Cowl.

* * *

It is Taylor Holmes of the Movies now, and have you seen Taylor Holmes' latest picture, for Holmes is completing his first picture for Essanay entitled "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

* * *

"The Barrier," by Rex Beach, having proven a box office attraction out of the ordinary, the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation immediately sought Mr. Beach and have contracted with him for his other novels. The first Rex Beach novel to be picturized will be "The Auction Block."

* * *

The newest recruit to the list of screen stars who will produce and market their own picture productions is Mme. Olga Petrova. Mme. Petrova has authorized the following statement: "It is true that I have formed my own company, the Petrova Picture Company, for the production of my own pictures in my own studios, under my own supervision. This company has unlimited capital behind it, and I have unlimited time in which to get the best results. I want to make a few very big pictures each year. All producing and distributing arrangements are in the hands of Mr. Frederick L. Collins, my partner in the new company. Mr. Collins is president of Super Pictures, Inc., who will distribute Petrova productions, and is also president of the McClure publications."

* * *

The General Film Company announce that they have ready for release a new series of George Ade's "Fables in Slang." The first picture is entitled "The Fable of the Twelve Cylinder Speed of the Leisure Class."

* * *

"Seven Pearls" is the title of a new serial to be released by Pathé, starring Mollie King. The Hearst newspapers will print the story in novel form and sixty of the biggest publications in the country will participate in the advertising which is designed to bring the picture to the attention of every movie fan in America.

* * *

Anna Case has followed hard and fast in the footsteps of Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden and is the third operatic star to succumb to the lure of the movies. This time, however, Julius Steger is responsible, and under his direction Miss Case will start work on her first picture sometime in February.



PAULINE FREDERICK

one of the *greatest* emotional stars on stage or screen, whose photoplay successes in the past promise *brilliant* triumphs for the future. Her next Paramount Pictures will be Hector Turnbull's "Double-crossed" and David Graham Phillips' "The Hungry Heart"

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ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice-Pres.
LUCIL B. DEMILLE, Director General





George M. Cohan's second production for Artercraft will be a screen adaptation of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Those of you who saw the picture version of "Broadway Jones" will undoubtedly look forward with keen anticipation to this, the "Yankee Doodle Boy's" second screen appearance



We have with us, Douglas Fairbanks—the smile that won't come off, and Miss Eileen Percy, his leading lady. Doug has just shown Eileen how to clean clam shells. If you want to know the sequel, you will have to see "Down to Earth," his latest Artercraft picture



Miss Elsie Ferguson is studying her script of "Barbary Sheep" from the novel by Robert Hichens, with her Director, Maurice Tourneur. Miss Ferguson's screen advent should be an auspicious one

CHARLES FROHMAN

SUCCESSES in Motion Pictures

Now, at last, the famous successes of Charles Frohman—the splendid plays that have proven such stupendous attractions on the speaking stage—will be presented in motion pictures. By special arrangement the Empire All Star Corporation has secured the use of the plays, players, properties, etc., of all the Charles Frohman Successes for their presentation in motion pictures. Among the first of the Charles Frohman Successes to be offered in motion pictures are:

ANN MURDOCK in "OUTCAST," "THE IMPOSTOR," "THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE" Directed by Dell Henderson

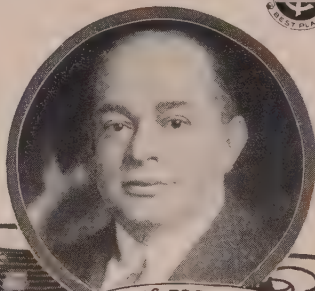
JULIA SANDERSON in "THE RICHEST GIRL," Directed by Albert Capellani

OLIVE TELL in "THE UNFORESEEN" Directed by John B. O'Brien

Produced by
EMPIRE ALL STAR CORPORATION
James M. Sheldon, President

Ask to see these plays at your nearest theatre. All the best theatres will show Charles Frohman Successes in motion pictures.

Distributed by
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION
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ANN MURDOCK

CHARLES FROHMAN

JULIA SANDERSON

OLIVE TELL

NEGLECTING THE PUBLIC

MOTION PICTURES have been termed a species of entertainment. They have been proved almost a commodity. They rank fifth in the world's industries. They are proclaimed one of the seven wonders of the twentieth century. The public spend more to see them and know less about them than they do about any one other mentionable thing.

The motion picture producer has handled his product differently than the manufacturer of any other article could do. All his time, money and effort have been expended on the exhibitor, the man who books his pictures. From the start he has neglected the public. He has not striven to create a demand for his particular goods. He has not created a demand from the public for his particular brand of pictures. Why did he avoid the man, woman and child whose nickels, dimes and quarters make the exhibitor possible? For after all, the exhibitor like any other dealer is simply a retailer and the same effort and money to sell him goods should be applied—no more and no less.

What do you suppose would have been the result had national advertisers stopped advertising after reaching the dealer? After a fashion they might have existed as do dozens of motion picture producers. Instead of which they have placarded street cars, subways, billboards, the sides and roofs of buildings with advertisements of their products. They have used thousands and thousands of pages of advertising in our national magazines, and the result is that they have created a demand for a particular brand.

Motion Pictures have reached that state of progress which demands public enlightenment. So wake up Mr. Producer, put the motion picture industry on a business basis—tell the public something about your wares—stifle the word "game" which is applied so often to the industry and so often justly. Nationalize your business—make it your slogan—and the results you will achieve will more than compensate you.

POOR SIR WALTER IS FORGOTTEN, DICKENS
NEGLECTED, THACKERAY DISREGARDED, AND
STEVENSON, MACAULAY, LAMB AND ALL THE
REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN - - - -

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*On the high road
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and Mullingar,
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John McCormack's first audience

**The Irish lad who ran away to be a minstrel
and grew up to be a world-famed artist**

A boy nine years old stood at a street corner on a "fair day" in Athlone and listened to an old fiddler and ballad singer. The first thrill of romance surged in the boy's veins. When the wandering minstrel struck out for the next town, the lad trudged blissfully by his side, with boyish indifference to the home folks beside the river Shannon. Two days later the boy's frantic parents overtook him at Mullingar. He got no "licking"—only a mother's blessing and the tears of those who heard him sing "Molly Brannigan," the first ballad he ever learned.

Thus did John McCormack take his first journey on the high-road to Fame. Today the minstrel-boy has grown into a world-famed artist, a singer renowned in every land. His first wayside audience of country folks has swelled to vast audiences filling the great auditoriums in the capitals of the world and to that still mightier host who know and love him through his Victor Records.

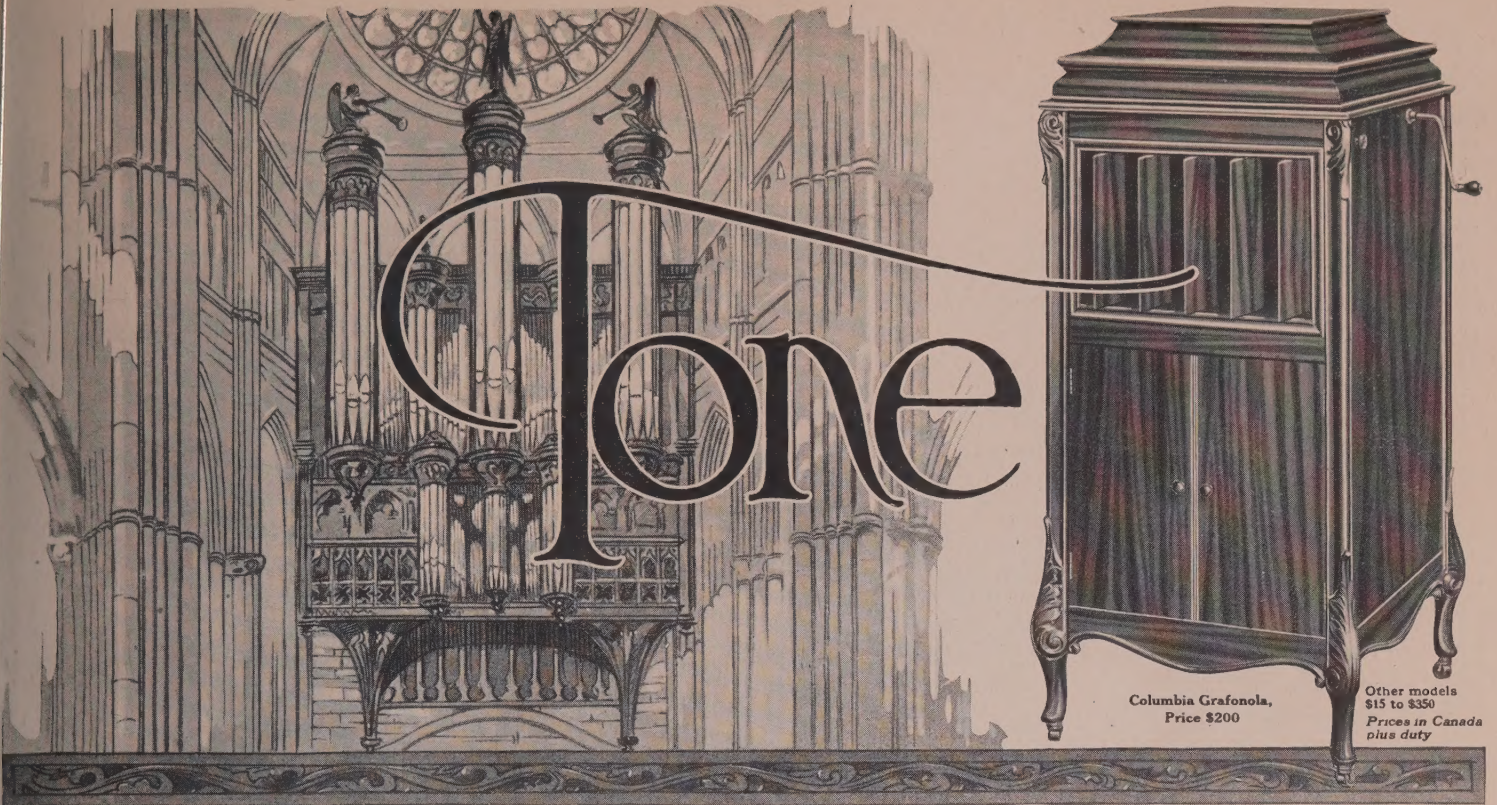
John McCormack makes records for the Victor exclusively. With the artist's sure instinct, he knows and appreciates Victor Supremacy.

Hear the McCormack records at the nearest Victor store.

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Victor Supremacy





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You have marveled at this absolute perfection of tone control in every great organ you have heard.

While volume of sound is determined by the number and character of pipes employed, yet the secret of the delicate gradations of tone lies in the swell-box—in shutters that open and close at the player's will. Only the Columbia Grafonola is equipped with the same device for tone control. Shutters that open and close and make it possible for you to play the world's great music with the depth of expression that it deserves.

It is in these perfections of tone—the very heart of music—that this masterful instrument stands supreme; tone is the heart of your Columbia Grafonola.

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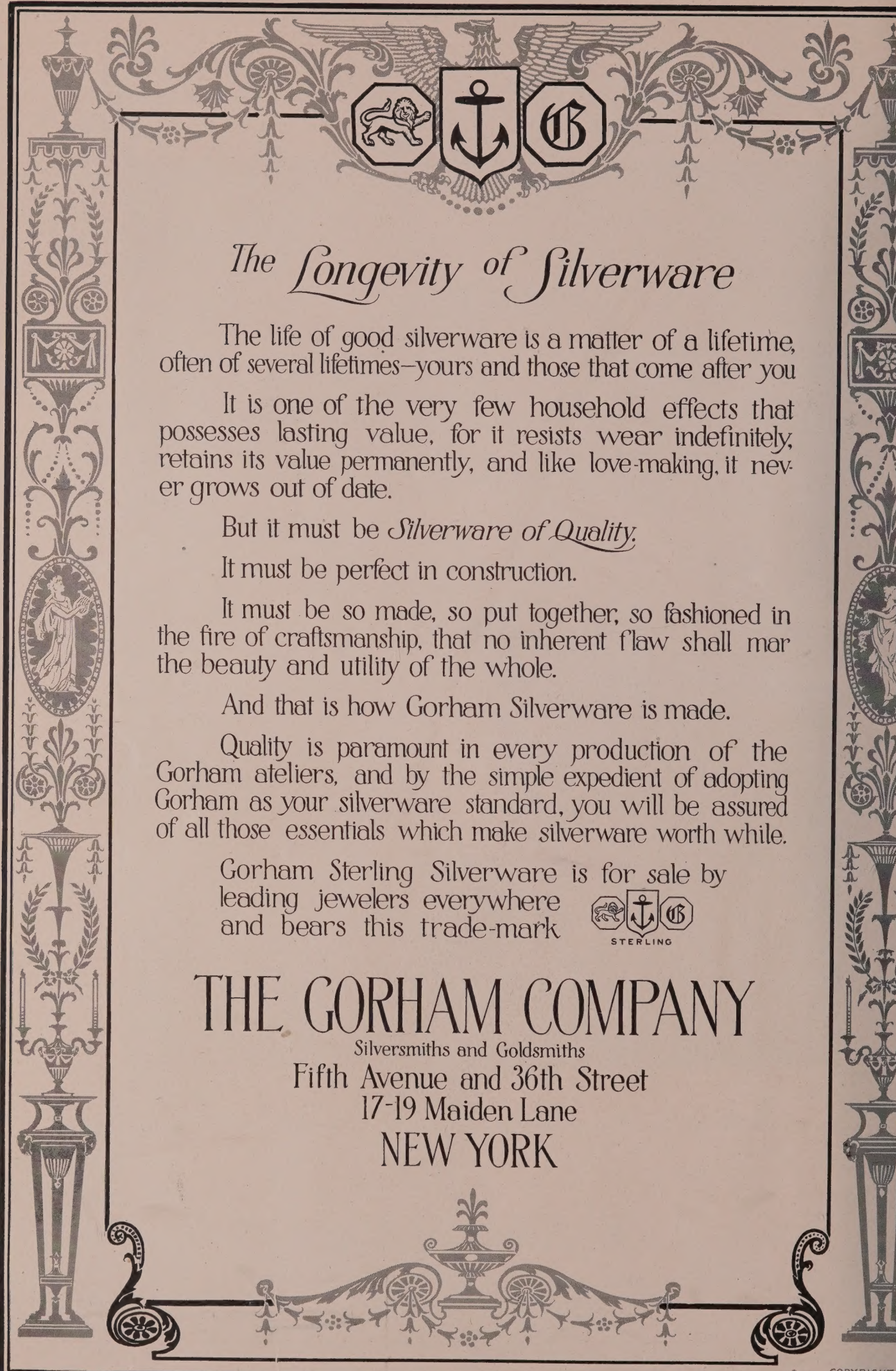
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